The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

The Republicans were again badly snowed under on Webnesday--and the Democrats, they shoveled snow.

The affairs of Centre county will soon be in other and better hands. With the ushering in of Jan. 1, '91, there will be an ushering out of the worst set of officials Centre county ever knew of

Smallpox is raging in Guatemala. In seven weeks there were 1,200 deaths throughout the country and the number at last accounts was on the increase. In the city of Guatemala dozens of deaths have ocurred daily.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Alfred H. Terry, of the United States army, died at his residence, in New Haven, Conn., at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. Heart failure due to Bright's disease, was the cause of death. He had been ill over two years.

The Morning Patriot prospectus appears in this issue. The Patriot reaches Centre county half a day in advance of city morning papers, hence it is the first to inform us of the latest news. It is an able Democratic organ and its articles on public topics are always full of solid reasoning. The Weekly Patriot will be found a welcome visitor in any family.

Representative Scull, of the Twentieth district of Pennsylvania, was served with a notice of contest by Thomas H. Greevy, the late Democratic candidate. Scull was given a majority of 556. Representative Atkinson, of the Eighteenth district, has received private information that Capt Skinner has decided to contest his seat.

The Australian ballot will probably be made mandatory in the Kentucky legislature, as the majority report on elections in the constitutional convention contains this clause: "All elections of the people shall be by secret official ballot, furnished by public authority to the voters at the polls, and marked by each in private at the polls and then and there deposited."

The sub-committee of the State road commission appointed by the latter to draft a bill for presentation to the next legislature met and decided to refer the question as to the constitutionality of the proposition to receive money from the State to better the condition of roads to the attorney general. He decided that it would be constitutional, inasmuch as general benefit would be derived, but he told the committee that he reserved the right to criticise their bill when it comes before him.

The total population of the country including Indians, etc., will reach 63,000,000. Already the Census Office has actually returned in round figures 316,000 Indians and whites in the Indian Territory. These with the population of Alaska, which Special Agent Petroff estimates at 38,000, will bring up the total population of the country to 63,000,000, a numerical gain of 13,000,000 for the decade.

The Force bill is dead. Old granny Hoar, in the senate, tried his best to keep it alive, but it gave up the ghost. He applied mustard plasters, catnip tea, hot cloths, and all the granny remedies known, but it could not be kept alive, and old granny Hoar is much depressed in spirit thereat.

The trouble with the Force bill seemed to be, the people, in November, left it out in the cold; it took chills; got headaches, bellyaches, earaches, and a dozen other aches, and these were too many even for granny Hoar to docter, and so the Force bill kicked the bucket, and granny Hoar, of Massachusetts, is about the only mourner.

"Yes," said a Republican to the REPORTER, the other day, "I must admit you Democrats seem to have the yell on us on the tariff question."

Yes, we said, the yell has got down in dead earnest to the man who stands between the plow handles; down to the maid in the kitchen, to the day-laborer; to the mechanic; to the clerk; to the minister of the gospel and all these joined in one great big, loud yell, last November, that was heard from California to New Jersey and from the St. Lawrence to the gulf of Mexico, indicating that the masses of the people have had their eyes opened to the fact that they have been fools to favor a tariff that protects the millionaire by taxing the life out of farmers and all other classes.

Our Republican friend admitted that the belief was growing in him that the tariff was a tax to enrich a few at the expense of the many. In 1892 we expect to see our Republican friend vote for a Democratic President.

New Republican Leadership.

The Republican leaders have become hopelessly engulfed in violent or revolutionary party measures, and have brought down upon themselves and upon the party the most sweeping political disaster of American history, says the Philadelphia *Times*. Some of them learn nothing, forget nothing, and yet demand crushing taxes on the masses to satiate monopoly greed, and revolutionary election laws to legalize State and national political theft; but the younger and now better elements of the party have halted the idiotic old political suicides and an entire change of leadership is not only possible but quite probable before the close of the present session of Congress.

It must be evident to all dispassionate observers of the situation in the Senate that Senator Plumb, until recently rather a submissive follower, holds the Senate in his power to-day, and is able to dictate the policy of the party. He spoke and voted against the McKinley tariff infamy, and he is more than justified by the next to annihilation of Republican power in the strong Republican States of the West. He warned his monopoly tax-breeders in the debate on the tariff that the people would revolt against the wanton taxes imposed upon them, but he was unheeded. To-day he has the emphatic command of his State—the State that gave the largest Republican majority in 1888—to lead for reduced taxes and honest elections. His eminent and brilliant colleague in the Senate, who reluctantly voted for the monopoly tariff, is hopelessly defeated in his struggle for re-election, and the hitherto solid Republican delegation in Congress will be supplanted by five Democrats and two Republicans in the new Congress. With such overwhelming popular commendation of his ruggedly honest record, it is not surprising that the power of the Senate is likely to fall into his hands, and that he will shape the party policy during the present session.

It is an open secret that a number of Republican Senators who have not yet publicly expressed their views, heartily agree with Senator Plumb that the Force election bill is useless and odious and that the party can't make a hopeful battle in 1892 without unloading the McKinley tariff. Not only a large proportion of the Western Senators agree with Senator Plumb, but some of the most practical, progressive and sagacious Senators of the East are not in sympathy with the administration in its effort to force the Force election bill and hinder the reduction of tariff taxes. It is known that both the Pennsylvania Senators are not in special favor at the White House, and the fact that the want of Presidential favor is now an open door to popular favor in the party tells the story of Senator Plumb's easy path to a new Senatorial leadership.

It is more than probable that the leadership of Senator Plumb will be aggressively assailed during the present week unless the riddled and rattled Bourbon leaders shall stop their tomfoolery and lead as Plumb would lead by dismissing the Force bill and turning to business legislation. It now seems certain that the revolution in party policy must come speedily either by submission or the defeat of the Bourbon leaders, and when it comes it will come to stay. It will date not only the fall of the Force policy of the old leaders, but it will date the decline and fall of oppressive tariff taxes on the necessaries of industry and of life. It will mean the certain revision of the tariff by the next Congress, with the probability that a tariff quite as low as the Mills bill may not only be passed by the Senate, but that such a measure may pass both branches over a President's veto. The world moves!

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Disease," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

—A pair of shoes will make a very acceptable and fine Christmas present, A. C. Miogie's shoe store, Bellefonte, will supply anything in that line and at low prices.

—The wife of Henry Franke berger fell on the ice a few days ago, in Penn tp., breaking an arm.

In the state grange, at Harrishburg, last week, State Lecturer Brown of York submitted has annual report, in which he spoke of the result of the recent election. "It is a revelation, peaceful indeed," he says, "but no less significant than if accompained by the clash of resounding arms, the tears, the blood, the slaughter which are the usual concomitants of similar upheavals. From whatever standpoint it may be viewed through whatsoever glasses it may be scrutinized, it must be allowed that whoever else went down in the conflict last month the farmer came out on top. The farmers of America have demonstrated they will call no man master,' and that the ballot is not the mere perfunctory plaything in in their hands these imagined it to be.

"But the one question now more important to them than any other is how to use, how to improve, what is confessedly their victory. As far as our own State is concerned, we have made the first actual advancement to ward equalization of taxation that we have ever scored. But we have not yet, by any means, made certain its attainment. Our enemies are rebuked and checked, but not crushed. More astounded than alarmed, and more desperate than ever, now that they realize the advantage we have gained, to expect that they, the owners of the corporate capital and concentrated worth of the State, will yield to an equalization of taxation without a fight, or until they are compelled to, would be simply ridiculous; and yet we hear from certain quarters that it is time to withdraw from the field."

M'Kinley Prices.

New York Economist.

We subjoin the figures which show the comparative cost under the old and new tariffs of some of the prominent Bradford goods.

A 54-inch double warp Italian, which cost 52½ cents to import on October 1 last one week later cost 72½ cents; a little better grade, which cost 90 cents to import, was jumped up by the McKinley bill to 82½ cents, making a difference in the retail price of either grade of not less than 25 cents a yard. The amusing part of this is that one-third in value, and about the same in weight, of this cloth is American cotton, on which the McKinley tariff imposes in addition to the advalorem duty four times the duty on the Australian wool, of which the remainder of the fabric consists. This putting an enormous wool duty on our cotton when we bring it back to this county would be enough to make a cow laugh if it were not such an irritating piece of stupidity.

Take an ordinary men's wear 6-4 worsted, weighing 21 to 22 ounces. Up to the going into effect of the late tariff this could be retailed at $2; at present it must bring 1 50 if the retailer is to make the same profit as before. A 42-inch Sicilian which previously cost 41½ cents to land now costs 55½ cents, elevating its retail price about 20 cents per yard. A mohair brilliantine which previously cost 37½ cents to import now costs 44½ cents, which put about 12½ cents on to the retail price.

On cotton velvets the operation of the tariff is somewhat peculiar. An 18-inch black velvet which used to cost 15 cents to bring in now costs 22½ cents, almost exactly 50 per cent advance, with a corresponding increase in the retail price; whereas the same class of goods of a better grade, 22 inches wide, and costing previously 55½ cents to import, is raised by the tariff only about 3 cents to the importer, and the increase in the retail price is correspondingly small. This only illustrates the general tendency of the tariff to cause the heaviest increases on the lowest grade of goods.

A Free Education.

In *The Queens* 'Word Contest,' which, the publishers of that magazine announced as the last one they will ever offer A free Education consisting of a Three Years Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of *The Queen* or One Year Abroad, consisting of one Entire Years Travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person sending them the largest list of words made from the text which is announced in the last issue of *The Queen*. A special deposi of $750. has been made in The Dominion Bank of Canada, to carry out this offer. Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of *The Queen* have made their popular fanily magazine famous throughout canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and this will positively be the last one offered, they intend to make it excel all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send six two cent. U. S stamps for copy of *The Queen* containing text, complete rules and lists of prizes. Address *The Queen Canadian* Toronto, Canada.

—Boots and shoes below actual cost at Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte. Get a bargain before it is too late.

Additional Locals.

—Wednesday was about as bad day as they make 'em.

—Daniel Hess publishes letters of administration on the Sparr state.

—Some folks filled their ice houses last week; ice was from 4 to 6 inches in thickness.

—I will sell, until January 1st, a nice mixed candy at 10 cents per pound.—G. O. Benner.

—Mrs. Solomon Wert died at Aaronsburg, on Sunday, aged 85. Her husband died some 10 years ago.

—With Will Runkle's new house there seems it's going to be no postponement on account of the winter.

—Boots and shoes below actual cost at Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte. Get a bargain before it is too late.

—Dr. Gast, the eye specialist, will be at Centre Hall, for consultation, on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22 and 23.

—A hunting party passed through town on Monday afternoon with a large four-prong buck as a trophy.

—T. C. Kintzing, president of the First National bank of Lock Haven, died at his home, aged 72 years.

—Manager Brisbin of the turnpike company informs us that the snow measures a depth of 26½ inches on the level.

—Wednesday's snow storm was a tremendous one and we look for accounts of snow blockades from all over the country.

—It will not be regretted if you buy your clothing from Lewins, at the Philad. Branch. He guarantees his entire stock.

—Last week we erred in stating that the lawful season for killing rabbits closed on Dec. 15. The season does not end until January 1.

—Give Lewins, Bellefonte, your order for a suit. He has one of the most experienced cutters to be had. A fit is guaranteed.

—J. L. Runkle, from across the valley, called, and tells us there will be much moving and shifting around during the coming spring.

—A covey of little boys, out every evening until late annoy some of the business places by unruly conduct. Their parents are to blame.

—The Philad Branch is thoroughly reliable, and Lewins has in stock a line of clothing that leads in quality and low prices. Satisfaction always given.

—Wednesdays snow was two feet deep, and the drifts anywhere from 2 inches up to 30 feet. Guess the whole land is snowbound, but we are out.

—Rev. Davis has begun a protracted meeting in the Evangelical church. The meetings have been running for near two weeks with very good attendance.

—Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

—The axe factory of Mann & Company, at Mill Hall, started on full time again, which is glad news for all employes, as there was some trouble about the firm resuming operations.

—Postmaster Brisbin received a large new safe for the office. The increase in the post office business compells the carrying of a greater amount of stamps, etc., and makes a safe a necessity.

—"Think not the clothes will make the man," but they help. It is an undisputed fact that the Philad. Branch has more handsome styles, finer goods and better assortment of clothihg than any two stores in Bellefonte.

— This week Bellefonte is overflowing with pretty school marms, which may set the heads of many of its gallant young men topsy-turvy. Now would be the time to cage 'em when they are plenty and handy, and perhaps willing.

—Don't forget the Odd Fellows' festival on the second floor of the bank building, beginning on Christmas evening, and to continue until the following Saturday evening. The proceeds are for the benefit of the order which is worthy of public patronage.

—Wednesdays snow storm was one of the queerest and contrariest we ever knew of. The snow banks it built were different in architecture from the old style, being neither Grecian, Corinthian nor Roman, and cast in different places from the accustomed ones, with curls and twirls cornices of every imaginable shape and pattern.

—After the holidays, what? The musical convention fever will be up to 124 in the shade. After the musical conventions, what? Then will break in the public sales with their free meals for the hungry. After the public sales, what? Then will come the frolicsome flittings, with hoe-downs and the like. What then? well, this is enough to show that the end of things mundane is not yet, and this old earth is going to revolve awhile longer yet in spite of the cranks who think they see the tailend.

Last Session of the State Grange.

The State Grange of Patrons of Husbandry closed its meeting Saturday. A proposition to reduce the membership fee was negatived. The committee on legislation recommended amending the game and fish law so as to make trespass a criminal offense; demanded fences along public highways and railroads, and recommended equalizing the tax on all classes of property. The committee on education urged the doubling of the state appropriations for public schools, demanding an increase of the school term, and that children be compulsorily kept at school until 14 years of age. The agricultural committee recommended a change in the method of forming the state board of agriculture, so as to elect the members by a joint vote of all the county agricultural and horticultural societies.

The Philadelphia *Press* is indulging in some kicking at Cameron and Quay, and some other Republican papers are taking up the cudgels in the same line. Fault is found with Cameron's wisdom and patriotism in opposing the force bill and there will be an effort to secure a bolt from the legislative caucus that will defeat him for the senate. It will take 28 members to make this a success, as the Republican majority on joint ballot is 54, being 11 in the senate and 43 in the house. This can hardly be accomplished. Mr. Cameron interested himself in legislative nominations and elections; put up his money very liberally; and since election has secured pledges from enough members to control the caucus. In fact he has pledges from pretty much all the Republican members. He started out with 42 from Philadelphia, 19 from Allegheny, 8 from Lancaster, and there is any quantity of his faithful servitors among the rural roosters.

An extension of the Pittsburgh & Western railroad into the center of Pennsylvania is foreshadowed by the remarks of State Senator W. W. Betts of Clearfield. He said: "The Pittsburgh, Beech Creek & Eastern survey was finished last Tuesday night. This road will run from Butler to Clearfield, connecting at the former point with the Pittsburgh & Western. The charter was taken out more than one year ago, and the president of the road is S. B. Dick of Meadville."

—The following is clipped from the Somerset Democrat: We stated last week that the Nicely brothers had been quite seriously injured in the fall they received when attempting to come down the rope in their escape from the jail. Both received severe injuries and claim that because of their injuries they were unable to escape. They are both lying in their cells in the jail under treatment of the jail physician—Dave with a broken ankle and a broken wrist and Joe with a severely strained ankle and a wounded hand. They both suffered severely from their exposure to the weather and had their feet and legs frozen. For a while it was thought inflamation had set in Joe's frozen foot, but the doctor says that such is not the result. They are both in a fair way to recovery. It may be necessary to amputate the toes and heel on Joe's foot, but unless the symptoms are more unfavorable amputation will not be made.

—Lumberman Huyett will make Centre Hall his home again in the spring and occupy the house which Harry Kreamer lived the last 8 years. Glad to have so excellent man and Democrat as Mr. Huyett come here again. Harry Kreamer having purchased Mrs. Rishel's property opposite Harper & Kreamer's store, he will occupy same next spring D. J. Meyer will move from the "Foundry house," and become a next door neighbor of ye editor in the Witmer homestead which will be vacated by Dr. Emerick who is building a new house on the Durst lot.

—The Newport *Ledger* is authority for the following: A most dastardly deed was perpetrated on Miss Annie Miller, a 16 year-old daughter of Davidson Miller, who lives about two miles above Newport, on the south side of the Juniata, in Juniata county, on Sunday night. The family had retired to bed as usual, leaving the door unlocked to allow a son, who is a watchman on the railroad track, to have free ingress and egress. Miss Annie was possessed of a luxuriant head of light-colored hair, which when flowing reached below her knees. Monday morning when her father called her to get up, she discovered that some fiend had been to her bed during her sleep, cut her tresses off and carried them away. Who did the deed has not yet been discovered.

—The picture of the late Samuel J. Randall is to ornament either the new five-dollar or the new ten-dollar silver certificate. One of the best engravers in the Department is now at work on the portrait, which will show a side view of the distinguished Philadelphian's face.

Latest.

Virginia had 3 feet of snow.

From all over the county we have accounts of fearful snow storms on Wednesday.

The house passed the apportionment bill.

A Battle With The Indians.

A rancher, in Denver, Col., just arrived in great haste to our commanding officer reports a command of cavalry attacked and two officers and fifty men killed, but the Indians were repulsed with heavy losses. The number of Indians killed is not known. The Indians were put to roat.

— "My Christmas gift"—please send us the amount due on subscription.

—Arb Katherman and James Smetzler were to Mifflinburg last week.

—Bellefonte W. C. T. U. had a temperance agitator at work on the tipplers of that town a short time ago, and succeeded in having over three hundred affix their names to the pledge. They could not get in their work on Fiedler.

— The Lutheran Sabbath school is in training twice a week on its Cantata for Christmas night. There will be fine music, entertaining dialogue parts &c. This school has always rendered first-class entertainments and will no doubt keep up its record.

—The Altoona *Tribune* truly thinks the country boys ought to be much encouraged by the fact that nearly every man who is prominent in the industrial, commercial and political affairs of our republic to-day was a native of the country, usually born in poverty, and wining his way to the front by long-continued effort, patient industry and continued fidelity in every position which he filled. That which has been shall be.

The Illinois grange doesn't seem to agree with the crazy organs of monopoly, which, to please their masters, insist that prices are cheapened by the restriction of trade. The farmers may not know a great deal about political economy, but they apparently know a band of robbers when they see one.

The State Capital.

WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS OF YOUR LEGISLATURE.

The Harrisburg DAILY PATRIOT, in addition to the general news of the day, will contain full reports of the proceedings of the Legislature during the session of that body. Send one dollar and twenty-five cents to the publisher and get a copy every day during the session.

The WEEKLY PATRIOT is an excellent family journal and will also contain a report of the legislative proceedings. Terms: $1 00 per copy per annum; to clubs of ten or more, 75 cents per copy per annum, with an additional copy to the getter-up of the club. Postage on Daily and Weekly prepaid by the publisher.

The DAILY PATRIOT and the REPORTER—both for $5 00 per annum.

The WEEKLY PATRIOT and the REPORTER—both for $2.25 per annum.

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises, and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

At this season of the year when malaria lurks in the air, and bad colds not an unfrequent visitor we long for a quick and effective remedy. There is scarcely a home without a sufferer from some one of the many ills flesh is heir to." A stimulant is after the intermediator. It is quick and effective. It brings relief and saves doctor bills. We can recommend Mr. Max Klein for anything in the liquor line. His Silver Age Rye at $1.50 per quart is the best whiskey in the market. He will sell any Pennsylvania Rye Whiskey, six year old at $100 for each quart, or six for $5.00. Send for his price list and catalogue and mention this paper. Address MAX KLEIN, 82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Grain Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

White wheat	93
Red wheat	95
Rye	70
Corn, ears	50
Corn, shelled	55
Oats	44
Barley	55

Produce at Stores.

Butter	20
Eggs	24
Lard	7
Should'r	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	65



Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jos. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $300.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

WHAT DOES YOUTH KNOW OF LOVE?

What does youth know of love?
It plucks at will,
Content in thinking everywhere its fill
Is waiting within reach like buds in June,—
As in the heart of music some new tune.

What does youth know of love?
The heart may try
A thousand springs, and yet none satisfy;
A thousand forms may touch us in the press,
And still the spirit cry for loneliness.

What does youth know of love?
The hand, the face
That find their way to the soul's sacred place,
Ah! these come not at will; but having come,
Thenceforth wherever they may be is home.

What does youth know of love?
Its need is strong.
'T is life's long music, not its morning song.
Joyful the middle age that finds its own,
And sad the same whose early dreams have flown.

What does youth know of love?
Age knows it best.
Love's memories few and precious are its rest.
God and eternity shine through dear eyes,
And teach us of the bliss that never dies.

—Helen L. Carey.

AUNT SUKEY.

BY DORA R. GOODALE

"Let Albert carry the crock downstairs," said my mother.

It was long after dark, but I had just come in from the barn; for we were living on a farm, and that winter I had the horses to fodder and pigs and poultry to feed, kindling to split, wood and water to fetch, and six or eight cows to milk by the light of the lantern. I set down the full pails now and got off my coat, which was already well powdered with snow, and stood half-dazzled, awkward, raw-boned lad that I was, enjoying the warmth and holiday air of the kitchen. It was a great, dusty room, with high, oak wainscot and beams overhead, old-time, six-foot fireplace, brick open oven and all; and the whole family was there—Grandfather, placidly eating his pudding and milk from the thick blue bowl on his knees, while Louis sat on the floor sorting beans, and Esther was hanging the walls with laurel and ground pine, humming to herself as she went.

At the other end of the room old Aunt Sukey was weighing out suet and plums with her jolly black hand, and mother bent over the glowing stove—poor mother, she was always behind hand, and her voice was quite sharp with weariness, now as she spoke.

"Albert can carry the crock down stairs," she repeated.

"I can't go down those stairs after dark; they're not safe", I observed with decision.

"Oh, law, now chile, jes' get erlong wid ye fer we can't stop fer no argyfying, sho'ly," exclaimed Aunt Sukey in a hortatory tone, tossing her head with its gay turban till the shadows danced on the wall. She was standing before the table, which was heaped with a motley collection of boxes and trays, rollers, sifters and graters. Sukey drew only a theoretical line between what she designated as "de plant" and "de grejients," but, like all true artists, while she scorned conventional arrangements she maintained a certain order well known to herself, and went on chopping and shredding with lofty composure.

"I can't go, I tell you," I answered, angrily. "I should only smash the jar and break my neck into the bargain."

"Oh, shucks, now," burst out Sukey, with a more alarming voice and falling into a somewhat broader pathos "Any one tink you was afraid o' ha'nts, an' you too nigh a man to be dat skeery, sho'ly. Dis yer jar got to git down dere somehow, if ole Sukey hab ter tote it on her back;" and here she glared at me vindictively.

"Come, hold a candle then, Estie," said I, with assumed authority.

"Oh, nonsense, run along, Al, I don't dare stand in that cold entry," answered Esther, impatiently. "You can do it well enough, and don't you see that every one else is busy?"

She looked over her shoulder and made a mouth at me as she spoke. Just sixteen, Esther was—less than two years older than I—and pretty and full of spirit. She was standing on tiptoe having to fasten an evergreen wreath around the great face of the clock; and the scent of the freshly broken boughs spread through the kitchen. Her face was flushed, and all her long light hair hung down unbraided.

"Very well, then; the jar can wait till morning." I threw myself into a chair and began eating a fried cake.

"Why, de Lawd knows we ain't got de candle-grease to waste fer dis yer oberlastin' foolishness. If dem 'grejients don't get toted off right spry dey's agwine to spile sho; an' den we sha-an't hab nuttin' ter fatten up dem peak-faced Simonses. Jes' you say de word now and clar him outen here," cried Aunt Sukey, looking at my mother with that despotic air that convinced me that Nature favors some forms of absolute monarchy.

My mother was one of those gentle, dependent souls rare in New England, who, finding her lot cast amid a race of iron-clad housekeepers, clung to this family anchor with blind confidence, and if Sukey had pronounced that honey would sour, or mincemeat was likely to explode in the process of baking, she would have received the oracle with becoming submission. "Go, Albert," she said, "you hear me! Go and take care"—at the same time casting a timid, entreating glance from the ambush of Aunt Sukey's shoulder.

"Oh, very well, th's your lookout if I come to grief," said I, in an ungracious undertone, seizing the disputed jar, a great five-gallon crock, with a rudimentary ear on either side, while Esther began to dance a reel, and Sukey struck up, "Oh, de good ole chariot's passin' by," rolling out the chorus with great unction.

The little dark buttery was filled with good things, but I stalked through it in anything but a Christmas humor. The cellar stairs were narrow and steep, the jar heavy and slippery; and I was conscious of a half-formed resolve to show Aunt Sukey for once that she had made a mistake in her Mercury. "Jes' aggravatin'ness," commented her voice from the other room, followed by a rich, mellow laugh and a refrain of, "Roll, Jordan, roll." Here my foot slipped a bit on the stairs, and, instead of nerving myself to regain my balance, I yielded to nature, my knees gave way, and I and the fatal jar went down with a crash together.

The crash was followed by a shout. Down rushed the family in a body, with tallow dips flaring, and my first consciousness was of a violent twinge in my foot, which was doubled back under me. My hands were bruised and cut, and my lip was bleeding. Oh, what a flurry there was! Grandfather scolded, Louis screamed, and my mother burst into tears, while they dragged me up stairs among them. Only Sukey held back. I can see her now as she stood in the kitchen door, with her hands on her hips, and an angry sneer as the dismal procession entered. I gave her a look as I passed which said as plainly as words; "It's all your fault," and she in turn broke out freely with accusations. "Ho! you t'ought you'd pay ole Sukey back, did you, kicking out your foot and going spack with all dem 'grejients," she began; but the pain was too great for any response, and I sank down on the settle without speaking.

Poor Mother, how she upbraided herself as she drew off my cowhide boots with her tender hands; for one of the bones of my foot did afterwards prove to be broken. With what self-reproachful zeal dear Esther hurried out in the snow to a neighboring farm, whose owner had the name of a master-hand at doctoring. I was the martyr of the occasion, and a very respectful martyr I made, being almost persuaded, in fact, that I had fallen a victim to duty. The role once assumed, I played it with proper feeling, meeting Aunt Sukey's attacks with angelic forbearance, leaning languidly back on the couch, while mother cried over my hands, and begging her not to feel badly. Finally, good Mr. Saunders came in, listened to grandfather's version of the story, and a rumbling accompaniment of comments; and then I was rubbed, bathed and bandaged, and bundled off to my room.

The next day the house was all in a bustle of preparation. It was the day before Christmas, and my uncle and cousins were coming over from Haley, and my married sister from Cheshire. People flew hither and thither, intent on their several concerns, sweeping and adorning, putting the finishing touches to cushions and mufflers, and cracking jokes when a neighbor chanced in for a "light" or a swallow of cider. The kitchen was the scene of unparalleled baking and brewing, as I judged from the whiffs of warm air and tantalizing fragrance that came up the back stairs; and as I lay there tossing and turning, I found my pillow a thorny one, and secretly fumed at my folly. I had not deliberately thrown myself down to spite my mother and Sukey—that would have been childish!—and it had all passed so quickly th t my promptings were hard to analyze; but I had a dreadful suspicion at heart that I was just a great humbug. Anyhow, I had overshot the mark, and surely I was punished sufficiently without any humiliating confessions.

Not a glimpse of Aunt Sukey did I get that day, for we mutually cherished resentment; but all my relatives came solemnly in and protested that my mother and Sukey were very unwise, and that I was much to be pitied. I was suffering so that I could not bear to be moved, and the hours wore away heavily. At night Esther brought me my supper and told me that a yule-log was to be dragged in; and then there were games and dancing in the kitchen below, and great peals of laughter came up that brought tears to my eyes. But the wicked, suspicious, old Sukey should never exult over me; and I shut my lips tightly together when mother came in and kissed me good-night, whispering tenderly: "My poor boy! You can't blame me as much as I blame myself."

At last the house grew dark and quiet. Every one had gone to bed. The ticking of the great clock was plainly heard, and seemed to keep time to the throbbing pain in my ankle. Solitude and darkness are wonderful accusers. The longer I lay the more guilty and wretched I felt, and the more impossible it seemed to make explanations. Still the clock ticked on; the sound of distant sleigh-bells was heard and died away on the snow; rats and mice scuttled about, and now and then a cock crowed sleepily from the farmyard. At last the stroke of midnight pealed solemnly out, and for a moment I wondered if Santa Claus would visit our chimney. Then I remembered that Christmas was here indeed, and there was no rest, no peace in my heart to welcome it. The pain in my foot, too, was growing unbearable.

I sat up in bed with a sort of dry sob, when all at once the door was stealthily opened and Aunt Sukey's broad, black face peered in, tied up in an orange kerchief and lighted by the dull rays of a flickering candle. The first expression I surprised on her face was sarcastic and somewhat triumphant; and I forced myself to assume for a second an air of haughty displeasure. Then, as I saw again the fat motherly arms and bosom that had nursed me in all my ailments since babyhood, and as she, I suppose, caught sight of my haggard looks, nature proved stronger than pride and we threw pretense to the winds.

"Oh, Aunt Sukey, do fix me up or I shall die," groaned I, and "Oh, my po', po' chile, oh, bress you, yes," murmured she, rocking me back and forth in her arms, while the tears streamed down her face; and when I was partly eased by that sweet consolation, she added in a rare voice of tender contrition, "Yes, my po' lamb, it was jes' all my fault; dose yer 'grejients mought a' stayed in de kitchen from now till de Fo'th o' July without hurting deirselves of I hadn't been dat consistent; I'm jes' clean 'stracted tinkin' how I done bre'k your leg when de' wan't no 'scuse; an' it's all de fault of dis yer ole nigger, now suttinly."

This was too much. Conscience could keep silence no longer before such an example; and I put an end to my sophistries by bursting out in a stifled wail of confession: "Don' say that, Aunt Sukey! I fell down on purpose."

An hour later I sank into a blissful sleep, soothed by the music of inexhaustible lullabies. The next day was one of the happiest Christmas Days that I can remember—I was so petted, made much of and praised, and so relieved by an unburdened conscience. Only one thing troubled me; Aunt Sukey would not hear of a general public confession. "I'll jes' tip de wink to de mistis," she said—there was a whole volume in her inflection of "mistis." "Cause she's dat disjected t'inkin' twas her doin's, sho'ly, but I clar I ain't agoin to hab you lettin' on to all dem or'nery Simmonses, an' see dat Est'er, as looks so mighty peart anyhow, dese days, holdin' up her head sky high and crowin' ober you."

Modern Military Rifles.

The London Standard says: On the whole, there seems good reason to be satisfied with our own rifle, the Lee-Mitford. It is light—9lb 6oz—the lightest in Europe, except the French arm, which is two ounces less; it fires eight rounds, and in this direction is surpassed by no weapon; and it has a range of no less than 3,500 yards, with a smokeless nitro compound. At 2,000 yards the percentage of hits when experiments were lately made, the object being four companies in quarter column standing—a good sized target—was 18; at 2,300 yards it was 29 per cent.; and at 2,800, 18; but the latter range is over a mile and a half, and if only 18 men fell before the enemy at that distance it would have its effect. Another advantage of the new rifle is its reduced calibre, for this enables the soldier to carry more ammunition.

The late General Skobeleff, who saw as much fighting as any one of recent years, was of opinion that 130 rounds were necessary to keep up a fight when once troops were committed to it; and it is certain that 90 rounds per man were found too few at St. Privat, where the French fired away all they had, and were forced to retreat, ammunition wagons not having come up. Russia is supposed not to have settled what magazine rifle she will adopt; and this is also the case with Spain, Portugal, Norway, and Sweden. Even non-progressive China has a magazine rifle, the Lee, which fires five rounds.

The new rifle and field artillery have enormously extended the danger zone into which no troops can pass without peril of death. The new field-pieces make capital practice at a range of three and a half miles, and the rifle is sighted up to a couple of miles. What is the result? Obviously the troops must be spread out more as the area of the battefield widens, and the men must no longer advance in massed columns. These changes necessitate the abandonment of the old cast-iron tactics, and the adoption of a new system, in which much more is left to the individual intelligence of the soldier

Satisfied with His Investment.

On the grip of a summer car sat an old gentleman who looked like Denman Thompson in "Josh Whitcomb." The cable car ran through a squalid district where women and children sprawled over the blistering pavement, while puny babies wailed and helpless mothers tried in a listless, half hopeless way to quiet their cries. The train ran by two squares of sweltering misery, and then the old gentleman showed signs of unmistakable excitement, pulled the wrong bell cord and rung up a fare as a signal that he wanted to get off. After the usual amount of compliments in such cases between the conductor and the passenger he succeeded in alighting, and muttered:

"By gosh! I'll do it: it won't cost much, and it will do lots of good."

When he reached the women they appeared to be pleased at what he suggested, and when the next car came along going west he halted it and loaded every thing in sight on board for a fresh air trip. Arriving at the end of the road Cheeryble, or Uncle Josh, whoever he was, was soon in treaty with a saloon keeper for a bucket of lemonade.

"Not too sweet, you know, but with lots of ice.

The children and women drank it eagerly, and after enjoying not a cool breeze, but a less torrid one than that which rose from the down town pavements, Old Benevolence put them on a car and sent them home

"How much did all that fun cost?"

"Three dollars for car fare and $1 for lemonade. Oh a fellow can do lots with $4 if he tries.

The Sultan of Sokota has presented Queen Victoria with a fine young lion

In India cakes of tea pass as currency, and in China pieces of silk.

MAKING COD LIVER OIL

IT DOESN'T ALWAYS NEED COD LIVERS.

A Good Place For Consumptives to Visit.

American cod liver oil is made in Portland. The livers of the cod, haddock, pollock, hake and cusk are used in the manufacture. Only about one-third of the American output of this oil is procured from cod livers.

From September until March the livers are fat and in the best condition. A bucketful of livers will then yield about six quarts of oil. Only four quarts of this, however, can be made suitable for medicinal purposes; the remaining two quarts is of an inferior quality and is used by curriers.

From March to June the livers are thin and inferior, and will yield only one-half as much oil. Cod liver oil for medicinal purposes must be made from livers of fish that have not been dead over forty-eight hours. Fishing vessels on their long trips to the banks save the fish livers in hogsheads and sell them to the oil manufacturers for thirty cents per bucketful. From these livers an inferior quality of oil is made that is used by tanners.

Up to about three years ago the most primitive means were used for obtaining oil from livers. The results were very unsatisfactory, and the best portion of the livers was wasted. The old method was to expose the livers to the action of the sun until the oil was dried out. Only a small percentage of oil was thus secured, and the residue was thrown away as useless. now every portion of the liver is used. The method is to put the livers into a large tin-lined vat having a coil of perforated steam pipes in the bottom. A pressure of thirty pounds of steam is put on the boiler, and the steam escaping through the perforations in the pipes saturates the livers with hot steam and thus tries out the oil. In half an hour after steam is turned on all the oil that can be procured by trying out will have arisen to the surface. The livers, now termed "blubber," will have sunk to the bottom of the vat. The oil is bailed off and put into barrels to cool and settle, after which it is refined by being allowed to freeze till it is of the consistency of thick mush, when it is put into drilling bags and the pure oil pressed out in a heavy iron press. The oil that is pressed through the drilling is considered refined, and after being put up in new barrels of forty-five gallons each is sold to the wholesale druggists for about 36 cents per gallon. From these it passes to the retail druggists, who sell it for $4 or $5 per gallon. Running the oil through charcoal and sand has been tried as a refining process, but it was found to be vastly inferior to the freezing and pressing process. Refined cod liver oil, when subjected to the same temperature at which the crude oil was frozen, will change its color and assume a milky appearance. The refining process leaves in the bags a substance resembling lard in color and consistency. It is stearine, or "tanner's grease," and is used as a dressing for morocco.

The blubber left in the bottom of the vat after the trying out is allowed to work and ferment for forty-eight hours, and is then pressed. After the pressure has continued for fourteen hours all the oil is secured that remains in the blubber. It is inferior oil, of which there are six grades; it is worth about 25 cents per gallon, and is used by curriers in dressing, tanning, and coloring leather. There is left in the bags a substance of the color and consistency of dry mud called "scrap," which is sold to farmers as a fertilizer at $9 per ton.

The best quality of cod liver oil comes from Norway. It is much clearer and whiter than the American oil. It is put up in tin casks holding 30 gallons each, enclosed in wooden barrels. The claim is made that no livers except those of the codfish are used in its manufacture, but the American manufacturers strongly suspect that it owes its remarkable clearness to its having been mixed with seal oil. Twenty dollars per gallon is considered a low price for this oil, and it sometimes goes as high as $28. America is the largest buyer of Norwegian oil.

"Newfoundland cod liver oil ranks next to the Norwegian oil. It is made entirely of the livers of young cod caught off the Labrador coast. Portland has a cod liver oil factory that produces 500 barrels per year—300 barrels of refined oil for medicinal purposes and 200 barrels of "curriers' oil."

Cod liver oil has long been recognized as a valuable remedial agent, but it is not generally known that sometimes when the oil fails to effect a cure the steam arising from the trying-out vats will succeed.

A consumptive here, in almost the last stage of the disease, happening to pass through a cod liver oil factory stopped, inhaled large draughts of the usually offensive vapors as though they were the sweets of a flower garden, remarking: "There is something here that seems to strike the right spot," and, although a wealthy man, obtained permission to work in the factory. At the end of a month he had gained thirty pounds, had greatly improved in appearance and feeling, his appetite had returned, his cough was gone, and finally he completely recovered. Singers also sometimes resort to cod liver oil factories to inhale the fumes arising from the vats. They assert that their voices are thereby strengthened and cleared.

How They Waked the Shah.

Tales relating to the Shah's last visit to England are flying through the air. It is well known that he is an inveterate opium eater, and when under the effects of the drowsy drug, it is understood among his attendants that no one is to dare come near and arouse him from his blissful dreams. On his former visit a big review was held in Windsor Park for his individual amusement. The day before it happened that he had taken an unusually large dose of his favorite opiate and overslept himself in the morning. No sign appearing outside his apartments the queen sent a messenger to inform him of the time. The reply was: "His majesty still sleeps." "Waken him directly!" was the royal command, given, it must be confessed, with a display of some impatience. Back came the answer: "We dare not, for our lives?"

Messengers passed to and fro, with no desired result; the royal carriage was in waiting; Queen Victoria's impatience waxed great. At last some one thought of asking the attendants if there was any way of awaking the Shah without enraging him to such an extent that the disturber of his sleep paid forfeit with his life. Consultation was held and, with many deep salaams, the interpreter announced that music had been known to arouse their gracious master from slumber without ruffling the serenity of his temper. The queen heard of this and gave orders that the band of the Life Guards should be sent for and stationed just under his windows. The Life Guards played the noisiest march in their repertoire under the Shah's casement, which had the desired effect of awakening him with a smile shining on his serene countenance. The royal party was, notwithstanding, late on the ground—a very unusual occurrence, for the queen is punctuality embodied—and the Persian slumbers have become almost proverbial.

A Young Austrian Giantess.

The most famous child in the German empire just now is Elizabeth Lyska. Every German daily has told its readers how she looks and acts, how much she eats and drinks, and what kind of clothes she wears. All Berlin is calling upon her, as all Vienna called upon her a few weeks ago when she was in the Austrian capital.

Elizabeth is getting all this attention, not because she is pretty or clever, but because she is big. According to Virchow, she is the biggest girl of her years whom Europeans of modern times have seen. Though but eleven years old, she is 6 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs about 300 pounds.

Elizabeth was born on the Manor Wiessolyj in the valley of the Danube Her parents were poor peasants, not taller nor broader than other peasants. She was the youngest of five children none of whom, save herself, is remarkably large. Four hours after her birth she weighed ten pounds. She grew as other children grow till she was 4 years old. Then she began to be a little giantess. In her fifth year she gained ten inches in height. She outgrew her blue cotton gown and wooden shoes so rapidly that Papa Lyska, who was trying to support Mamma Lyska and four other little Lyskas on something over $100 a year, was put to his wits' ends to get money enough to keep her decently clothed.

From her fifth to her ninth birthday she grew only an inch or two. Between her ninth and tenth birthdays she gained a foot; between her tenth and eleventh, a foot and four inches. She could pitch hay, cut grain, plough and dig potatoes with any man on the manor. Her hand was as large as three ordinary feminine hands, and her arm was capable of a terrible blow With an open-handed cuff over the ear she once knocked a young man, who teased her, senseless to the ground.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Trade is a world in itself.

Deference is silent flattery.

Every bee's honey is sweet.

The house showeth the owner.

Anger at a feast betrays the boor.

Ground for ground is not good policy.

Disinterestedness is the very soul of virtue.

Impudence is nothing more than open hypocrisy.

Patience will tire out everything but mosquitoes.

A man generally gets his deserts in any neighborhood.

Abstinence should be the exception, temperance the rule.

"Happy as a king" is a libel on happiness, and the king too.

New truths are merely old ones with the cobwebs brushed off.

The gratitude of place expectants is a lively sense of future favors.

It is no comfort to be told we are free to follow the advice of others.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave.

Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down to sorrow.

One of the best evidences of our immortality is our desire to be so.

The chains of slavery are none the less galling for being made of gold.

To be really cosmopolitan a man must be at home even in his own country.

Heaven should be kind to stupid people, for no one else can consistently.

There are some men so insolent that their trade is not worth the endurance.

The less we know what is in store for us, the more contented we will be.

Walk the path of advice carefully for deception will be met at every step.

If a man has the toothache, he cannot imagine how a man feels without it.

Those who advocate the virtue of yielding are benifited by the process.

To be popular a person must possess the talent of disguising his character.

There is no reason why a man should turn dog for the sake of success in a shop.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

The love that man gains by flattery is worth just about as much as the flattery is.

As a man grows older he sees what an ass he used to be, but fails to see what an ass he is.

A dwarf sees farther than a giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not displeasing to us.

The man who is blessed with a good memory needs to be blessed with forbearance, too.

Credit is like chastity, they both can stand temptation better than they can suspicion.

There is as much place for true dignity and self-respect behind a counter as in front of it.

A coward can be a hero at a distance; it is presence of danger that tests presence of mind.

Love is the first passion of the heart, ambition the second, and avarice the third and last.

Learning is a good deal like strength—it requires good horse sense to know how to apply it.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.

Great men are not by any means the best of companions; they seldom can ever enjoy themselves.

One of the hardest things to learn is that the world is seldom watching us when we are doing good.

If you will be familiar, you must expect to lose the confidence of fools and the esteem of the wise.

Confess your sins to the Lord and you will be forgiven; confess them to men, and you will be laughed at.

If a man should happen to reach perfection in this world, he would have to die immediately to enjoy himself.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.

Adversity has the same effect on a man that severe training has on the pugilist—it reduces him to his fighting weight.

There are some folks in this world who spend their whole time hunting after righteousness and have no spare time to practice it.

Even more than a greater length of days we need ardor, perseverance, and a clear perception of the rightful objects to be attained.

Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn this—to have patience with his neighbor, to live and let live.

Where men feel most, they speak not most, for in the deep things of the heart, as in things spiritual, there are feelings which cannot be uttered.

Nature embraces entire humanity as one social body, but art strives to divide the relations of mankind, and from the commercial strife civilization results.

If there is really no such thing as unselfishness, as has been said, it is a very sweet kind of selfishness that prefers the pleasure and happiness of another before its own.

True courage never exerts itself so much as when it is most pressed; and it is then we enjoy the feast of a good conscience when we stand in the greatest need of its support.

A finished life—a life that has made the best of all the materials granted it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can be traced the hand of the Great Designer—surely, this is worth living for.

A SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENON.—Obituary Editor—"Perhaps no science has seen so much advance during the past century as chemistry. Everything is now being made from chemicals—mucilage, ink, whisky, beer, an innumerable other substances. I saw an evidence of this to-day in our mailing room. A man took a bottle of mucilage and"——

Snake Editor—"Well?"

O. E.—"He actually turned it into a paste pot."

WISE BEYOND HER YEARS.—Reginald—I love you, Madeline. For you I would give up family, position, wealth.

Madeline—Hold, Reginald. Give up family is all right—I fain would be spared a mother-in-all—give up your position, if you can get a better one, but for heaven's sake hold on to your wealth. We may need it.

CLEARED HIMSELF. — Professor (in class)—"Mr. Tuffern, is your book open?"

Sophomore—"No, sir; it hasn't been open in three weeks."

HE SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.—"I have a mind to get married."

"Well, you won't have any afterwards, I can tell you."

A Remarkable Offer.

For several years a well known Boston business house has made persons keeping poultry, few or many remarks by offers of premiums payable in gold, so as much as fifty dollars to the first and not less than five dollars to any winner of a premium. The best thing about those offers was that the premiums have always been promptly paid as agreed in good coin. Fifty dollar premiums do not "grow on every bush" as the old saying is, and we have no doubt to many who competed for them, the amount received came in handy to help pay the necessary bills of a hard winter, or if not, buy some luxury that the family absolutely needed, but otherwise could not afford. The same firm, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., authorize us to state that they have prepared an offer of similar premiums this year, with one very important improvement and that is, so that the first winner stands a fair chance with others of getting one hundred and fifty dollars in gold premiums. Why! that is as good as fifty dollars per month for the three winter months. It's worth trying for anyway. Johnson & Co., will send full particulars free to any person sending them their address on a postal card. These premium offers are made in connection with the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay.

VOCAL SARCASM.—Miss Hysee—"I was encored three times wasn't I?"

Mme. Logee—"Yes; the company seemed to recognize that you needed practice."

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.*

The United States has 3,547,000 square miles, and Austria, which includes Papua, New Zealand and Tasmania, has 3,083,755 square miles.

The confidence of people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation, is remarkable. It has cured many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed.

Beans imported from Canada or Europe must now pay forty cents per bushel of sixty pounds.

Do You Ever Speculate?

Any person sending us their name and address will receive information that will lead to a fortune. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Nearly 20,000 pounds of bread are daily eaten in the Sultan of Turkey's household.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

The weight of a cubic foot of fresh water is given at 62.5 and of sea water at 64 25 pounds.

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent anywhere on receipt of 50cts. Tyler Co., Kansas City, Mo.

In England last year 9,926 persons were imprisoned as debtors or on civil process.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

A single page of manuscript by Charles Dickens recently brought $200 at a sale by auction.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1 per bottle. Adeler & Co. 522 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

In 1889 we imported 742,136,640 pounds of tin plate at a cost of $21,726,707.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One trial will convince you that it is the best. Ask your dealer for the Frazer Axle Grease, and take no other. Every box has our trade mark on.

There are 210 Presbyterian parishes in Michigan and 21, 698 members of that church.

"Woman: Her Diseases and Their Treatment." A valuable illustrated book of seventy-two pages sent free, on receipt of 10c., to cover cost of mailing, etc. Address, P. O. Box 1066, Phila., Pa.

The China Sea and the Bay of Fundy are the two roughest seas in the world.

Why *rub*, and *toil*, and *wear* out yourself and your clothes on washday, when, ever since 1864, Dobbins' Electric Soap has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor, and save your clothes. *Now* try it. Your grocer has it.

There are 20,000,000 acres of unsurveyed land in the State of Washington.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The King of the Netherlands has become a dangerous lunatic.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

ANOTHER THING.—"Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?"

"No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact I said you were a famous one."

A Hindoo Trick.

Keller the magician, saw a trick at Calcutta which, he confesses baffled him. He was in a long, vacant room with four friends, and they were allowed to examine it thoroughly. There were four fakirs present. The party took seats on a bench midway of the room. The fakirs lighted a censor, from which exuded a sickly, sweetish smoke, filling the entire room. The fakirs then began a wild, whirling dance, all the while chanting and beating tom-toms, when suddenly the dancers appeared to increase in number until a full dozen were dancing and whirling about. These then decreased until but one dancer remained, an old man with flowing beard. What became of the other dancers Keller can not tell, though he tried, by another search of the room to discover the secret.

USEFUL IN THE KITCHEN.

Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

One cup of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee A sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter (well-packed) weigh one pound.

Two tablespoonsful of powdered sugar or flour weigh one pound.

FRED'S MISTAKE.—Amy—Fred, I hear that your engagement with Miss Blesser is broken.

Fred—Yes, it is.

Amy—It must have been built on the sand to fall so soon.

Fred—I thought it was founded on rocks, but I discovered she hadn't any.

MAKING FIVE CENTS GO A LONG WAY.—Philanthropist—You asked me for a nickel to get something to eat with. I gave it to you, and here you are drinking a glass of beer.

Tramp—Yes; but wait until you see me get at the lunch counter.

ACCIDENTS IN HIGH LIFE. — First tramp—"Say, pard, how'd ye smash yer finger?"

Second Tramp—"Shuttin' the painer."

A GOOD POSITION.—"That man has a good position."

"What is it?"

"Head up, chest well out and legs straight."

HIS SACRIFICE.—Highwayman (to deaf individual)—Money or your life.

Deaf Individual (in carriage with wife)—What's that? Money or my wife. Well, then, take my wife.

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street New York.

English landlords are finding it extremely difficult to rent their farms.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hosea Brown of Lynn county, Oregon, aged 102 years, and a veteran of 1812, has just been awarded a pension of $40 a month.

A Superior, Not Possible.

The St. Bernard Vegetable pill stimulates torpid livers, kindneys, lungs and bowels, removes congestions, purifies the blood and promotes healthy digestion, nutrition, secretion, and excretion, and is therefore able to counteract the causes of disease and cure nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, which cannot be said of any single preparation in existence. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address, St. Bernard, Box 2416, New York.

The municipal authorities at Augsburg, Bavaria, have tendered the freedom of the city to Prince Bismarck.

How a Girl Made Money.

MR. EDITOR—I am tempted to give my experience for the benefit of others. I sent 35 to H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, O., and received a fine machine for plating with gold, silver and nickel. The plating is done so nice every person wants work done. I get all the knives, forks and jewelry I can plate. I made $4.50 the the first day, $27.90 the first week; in one month I had $163 clear profit. My brother makes $10 to $20 per day selling plates. Any one can do as much by writing to the above firm for circulars.

Yours truly,
LUCY V. BABBIT.

The survey of the projected ship canal in Pennsylvania connecting with Lake Erie, has been completed.

Guaranteed five year eight per cent. First Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars.

France has ordered a submarine boat, 131 feet long, to be built by the inventor of Gymnote.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $25 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The project of a railway across the desert of Sahara meets with considerable opposition in Algeria.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

From twelve to eighteen suicides on the average have been registered daily at the Paris Police Office.

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

-VASELINE-

FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline,	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade,	15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream,	15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice,	10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented,	10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented,	25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline,	25 "
	$1.10

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation there from unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value.
Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 24 State St., N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

A XMAS HEALTH GIFT
(Exerciser Complete $5)



IS BEST OF ALL. CIRCULAR FREE.
BOOKS: For "An Ideal Complexion & Complete Physical Development," 30 Ills 50 cts. "Health & Strength in Physical Culture," 40 Ills 50 cts. Chart of 30 Ills for Dumb Bells & Pulleys, 25 cts. Ad. JNO. E. DOWD'S Vocal & Physical Culture school, 116 Monroe St. Chicago

PENSIONS NEW LAW CLAIMS. Apply to Milo B. Stevens & Co.
Attorneys, 1419 F St., Washington, D. C.
Branch Offices, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous Success.
Insane Persons Restored.
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. UNFAILING if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BAGGY KNEES POSITIVELY REMEDIED by Greely Pant Stretcher. Adopted by students at Harvard, Amherst, and other Colleges, also, by professional and business men everywhere. If not for sale in your town send 25c. to B. J. GREELY, 715 Washington Street, Boston.

THE BEST BROODER
Ever invented for raising chicks; only $5. Address G. S. SINGER, Cardington, O., for circular.

PATENTS! Instructions free to Inventors. Write at once for hand-book of information. J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

BIG G
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Trade Mark.
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PATENTS E. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

WANTED—PERSONS OF EITHER SEX, to do writing at their own homes; pleasant occupation; good pay. Send 10c. for paper, etc. MOORE, 177 McDougal St., New York City.

4.00 PEN 2.00
An elegant and useful Christmas gift.
DUNLAP PEN CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A NATURAL RESULT—Visitor in insane asylum (to keeper)—And who is that gibbering idiot over there?

Keeper (sadly)—That poor fellow was one of our most promising young lawyers till he took a young lady to a ball game one afternoon and attempted to watch the game and explain it to her at the same time.

Two Giants.

On the one hand—Scrofula, the ancient disease, known the world over, gnawing at the vitals of every nation, existing in the blood of nearly every family—inherited, or acquired by our wrong habits and indulgences—powerful obstinate, almost impregnable.

On the other hand—Hood's Sarsaparilla, the modern medicine, the great enemy of impure blood, accomplishing the most wonderful cures of scrofula, salt rheum, etc.,—the conqueror of disease, economical, reliable, sure.

If you suffer at all from the Giant of Disease conquer him by the aid of the Giant of Health

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Nothing On Earth Will MAKE HENS LAY.
LIKE
Sheridan's Condition Powder!

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity it costs less than a tenth of a cent a day. Strictly a medicine. Prevents and cures all diseases. Good for young chicks. Worth more than gold when hens moult. Sample for 25 cents in stamps, five packages $1. 2 1-4 lb can, by mail, $1.25. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. "THE BEST POULTRY MAGAZINE," sample copy free. *Poultry Raising Guide* free with $1.00 orders or more. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.



ASTHMA.
Popham's Asthma Specific
Gives immediate relief. It is believed to be the Best ASTHMA Remedy known to humanity.
As evidence we give a Trial Package FREE.
Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail, postpaid, for $1 per Box. Address, THOS. POPHAM 200 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

50 711

HUMOROUS.

AFTER STRIKING THE ICEBERG.—Captain—"Hurry up there. Get into the boats. She'll go to the bottom in five minutes."

Excited passenger—"But I say, Captain, give me time to get my rubbers, won't you? If I get my feet wet it will be the death o' me."

VERY ACCOMPLISHED.—Miss De Muir—"How charming you look to day!"

Miss de Meanor—(slightly dyspeptic) "I regret I cannot say as much for you."

Miss de Muir (sweetly)—"You could, dear, if you were as accomplished a liar as I am."

A PLAUSIBLE THEORY.

Mrs De Sweet—"I cannot understand why so many cultured men are willing to leave all the happiness of home, all the blessings of civilization, and spend a life-time in explorations in such countries as Africa.

Colonel Warmheart (gallantly)—"All men, madam are not blessed with such wives as Mr. De Sweet."

SOME ARE DEAR AT THE PRICE. — "I think I'll be an author when I grow up," remarked Freddy Hojack.

"I wouldn't, replied his father; "brain work is very poorly paid."

"Why I didn't know that," added Freddy, in surprise.

"Yes; you never heard anybody offer another more than a penny for his thoughts do you?"

A BAD FAILURE.—Staggers—"Yes, sir; marriage is a failure with me."

Snooper—"Ah!"

Staggers—"Yes, sir; I was led to believe that the girl I loved was worth ten thousand dollars. After the ceremony I heard she had only one hundred dollars in bank."

Snooper—"That is a bad failure. Just one cent on the dollar, wasn't it?"

VERY CONSIDERATE. Miss Stanhope (promenading with her mamma)—"Great horrors! here comes that accommodating little clerk of Lacy's—and he looks as if he was going to join us—right before the Hastings, too."

Goggins (halting them, smiling)—"Howd'ye do, Mrs. Stanhope and Miss Gertrude, howd'ye do—I believe you have actually forgotten me."

Mrs. Stanhope—"Well, sir, we are the last people in the world to try to shake any man's belief, I hope."

FORCE OF HABIT.—Harry—Dearest, I love you better than any one on earth. If you will consent to be mine I will be your humble slave until death calls me hence. My heart is wholly yours. I love you distractedly. If this does not satisfy you of my devotion, what will?

Dearest—Cash!

She was a saleslady, and the word came to her ruby lips by force of habit. But it came like a cruel blow, and Harry, with a great gulp of sorrow, turned, away and went out into the silent night to tell his griefs to the cold unfeeling stars in the ebon vault above.

A Profound Youngster.

There was a convention of Sunday-school teachers in session at Crystal Lake and all the teachers of the three counties represented were there. The amount of Biblical and theological knowledge they had was something astounding. On the last day of the convention the high chief ranger of the affair announced to the 400 delegates that he would be pleased to have the knowing ones think up some hard questions on subjects pertaining to their work, write them on slips of paper, and submit them to him, and that evening at the last session, which was to be a sort of entertainment, he would answer them. A lot of people wrote their questions and gave them to the great professor, and when evening came he had about fifty good gnarly problems in his bunch of paper slips.

The evening's exercise began with reading and answering the questions, and though some of them were from away back and very obtuse, the good old man who had put himself up there as a mark coped with them successfully, and impressed the great gathering with his vast knowledge.

Finally he ran against a question that made him knit his brows. He scowled at it a moment and then laid it aside. When he answered all the rest he picked up the side-tracked query and said:

'Here is a question which I confess I am unable to answer. I submit to the audience, and if anyone is able to give me the answer I will be glad to hear what it is.

Then he read this query:

"Who was the boy and what was his name who held the basket containing the five loaves and two fishes which fed the multitude?"

Nobody made any effort to answer it, and the professor said:

"It seems that nobody knows any more about it than I do. I will have to call on the person who submitted the question to come forward and answer it. Will you please do so?"

To the great surprise of the 400 people, and his mother as well, Frank Jones, a thirteen-year-old school-boy, got up and modestly walked up the aisle. Everybody looked at him amazed. The professor said:

"Did you submit this question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you answer it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am sure everybody will be glad to hear it."

"The boy," said Frank quietly but steadily, "Ben Ezra, son of Miriam, who was a sister of Philip, one of the twelve disciples."

A murmur of astonishment ran over the audience. Here was something too deep for even the professed theologians in convention assembled. The professor turned to the boy:

"Did you find that in the Bible?"

"No, sir."

"Where, then, did you get it?"

"In Greek history.',

That was the cap sheaf. A lad of thirteen bowling down 400 declared teachers in the Christian cause, and telling them in an unassuming way that he dug the information out of a Greek history.

I think it will be well to give this boy room to spread himself when he becomes a man.—*Chicago Mail.*

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything*.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with

Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery,
Favorite Prescription,
Pleasant Pellets, and
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.



TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*
Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

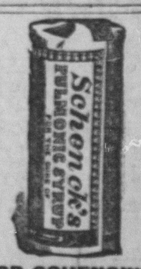
$1,000 REWARD!
The above reward will be paid for proof of the existence of a better LINIMENT than MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL, or a better Worm Remedy than MERCHANT'S WORM TABLETS. Sold everywhere.
JOHN HODGE, Sec'y,
Merchant's Gargling Oil Co.,
Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A.

Does Your HEAD-ACHE? Are You Nervous?
BROMO-SELTZER IS A GUARANTEED CURE
Trial Size 10c. at all Druggists or sent by mail prepaid EMERSON DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief Price 50 cts. ASTHMA. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c







DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS DR. SCHENCK'S
DR. SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC
Is a Positive Cure for DYSPEPSIA
And all Disorders of the Digestive Organs. It is likewise a Corroborative or Strengthening Medicine, and may be taken with benefit in all cases of Debility. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's New Book on Lungs, Liver and Stomach mailed free. Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Phila.
STANDARD FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY
Cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulency, Colic, and all Diseases of the Stomach; Costiveness, Inflammation, Diarrhœa, Piles, and Diseases of the Bowels; Congestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Nausea, Headache, Giddiness, Nervousness, Wandering Pains, Malaria, Liver Complaint, and all Diseases arising from a Gorged and Sluggish Liver. They clean the mucous coats, reduce gorged or congested conditions, break up stubborn complications, restore free, healthy action to the organs, and give the system a chance to recover tone and strength. They are
PURELY VEGETABLE, STRICTLY RELIABLE, AND ABSOLUTELY SAFE.
For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for 45 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, mailed free. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.
DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP
Will Cure COUGHS, COLDS, And All Diseases of the THROAT AND LUNGS.
It is pleasant to the taste, and does not contain a particle of opium or anything injurious. It is the Best Cough Medicine in the World. For Sale by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption and its Cure, mailed free. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS PENNYROYAL * PILLS DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, DEC. 18

PENNSYLVANIA GRANGERS.

Patrons of Husbandry Install Officers at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 13.—The state grange Patrons of Husbandry closed its labors here by the installation of officers. There was quite a lively "scrap" over reducing the membership fee and the proposition was voted down. The committee on legislation made a report, which was adopted. It recommends the amending of the game and fish law so as to make trespass a criminal offense; demands fences along public highways and railroads; recommends a tax law equalizing the tax on all classes of property.

The committee on education made a report urging the doubling of the state appropriations for public schools, demanding an increase of the school term and compelling children to be kept at school until 14 years of age. The agricultural committee recommends a change in the method of forming the state board of agriculture, so as to elect the members by a joint vote of all the county agricultural and horticultural societies. There is some feeling at this meeting, it is said, over the way in which Senator Girard G. Brown, the State Grange lecturer, conducted his canvas for worthy master against Leonard Rhone. Mr. Brown was defeated by a large majority, and now holds no state position.

The Photographer Never Came.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Dec. 16—About two weeks ago a well dressed man made the rounds of the town, and upon payment of 50 cents would give a ticket supposed to be good for a dozen cabinet photographs made by a prominent Philadelphia firm for $1.75 and a family group taken by himself. He fixed last Sunday as the time for taking the family groups. The families donned their best clothes early in the morning and awaited all day for the expected photographer. But he did not materialize. The Philadelphia firm he claimed to represent, it is said, knows nothing of him.

Carelessness Costs Four Lives.

BRISTOL, Pa., Dec. 15.—At the Pennsylvania railroad crossing, while an expressman was driving across the tracks his wagon was struck by New York west bound train, No. 31. Four persons who were in the wagon were killed and two others were badly injured. The gate tender had the gates up and the accident was caused by his carelessness. The killed were Neal McIlvain, Joseph Hussey, Hugh Dever and Joseph Johnson. John McIlvain, the expressman, and John McGee were probably fatally injured.

Delamater's $5,000 Check.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13.—It was stated by Internal Revenue Collector David Martin, who indorsed Senator Delamater's worthless $5,000 check, and who was consequently obliged to disburse that amount of money to the Chestnut Street National bank, where it had been cashed, that he would not suffer any loss from the transaction. Mr. Martin said that during the last twenty-four hours arrangements had been made by which Senator Delamater and his friends would repay him the money.

Over an Embankment.

BIRDSBORO, Pa., Dec. 13.—Dr. H. B. Brusstar, of this place, Lazaretto physician at the port of Philadelphia, was seriously injured in a runaway accident. He was driving a young horse, which he had just puschased, when the animal shied at a passenger train and jumped over an embankment. Dr. Brusstar was thrown from the vehicle and sustained injuries to his spine, as also a sprained ankle.

A Car Blown Four Miles.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Dec. 13.—During a hard gust of wind a freight car standing on a siding here was blown through a safety switch to the main track and thence down to near Lehighton, a distance of four miles. It passed Packerton at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Messages were sent over the wires to look out for the car, and it was stopped and removed in time to avoid an accident.

Bank Wreckers in Jail.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—The arrest of George F. Work has been followed by that of President Louis E. Pfeiffer, and also of Cashier Dungan of the collapsed Bank of America. Pfeiffer was was given a hearing at the central station, and is now occupying a cell in Moyamensing prison, one floor above Work's quarters. Cashier Dungan was sent down to the jail yesterday.

Delamater Made No Offer.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Dec. 15.—George W. Haskins, one of the assignees of the late firm of Delamater & Co., said: "I am authorized to say that there is not a word of truth in the statement that Delamater & Co. will pay 50 cents on the dollar on the terms published. No such arrangements has been made, and the members of the firm have never authorized such a publication."

Petitioners for Pardon.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 16.—The eastern cases to come before the board of pardons at its final meeting today are as follows: Philadelphia—Albert Miley, conspiracy; Sarah Smith, perjury; John Ruhl, larceny and embezzlement; Frank Young, burglary; John Costello, unnatural crime. Dauphin—Henry Ware, murder. Lancaster—John Holmes, robbery.

A Serious Cavein.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 15.—A serious cavein occurred in the Hollenbeck mine, operated by the Delaware and Hudson Coal company, which affected about twenty acres. All the miners have taken out their tools. It is not known how seriously the cavein will affect the working of the mine.

Congressman Hiestand's Funeral.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 15.—The funeral of ex-Congressman Hiestand was held at 1 o'clock this afternoon at the Stevens house, his late home. After the services the body was taken to Marietta on the afternoon train and interred in the family lot in Marietta cemetery.

SITTING BULL SLAIN.

Startling Reports Received by Gen. Miles.

ARREST AND ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

Sioux Warriors Attempt to Rescue Their Chief from the Custody of the Indian Police—Sitting Bull and His Son Killed in the Scrimmage.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 16.—Gen. Miles last evening received dispatches stating that in a fight near Standing Rock agency yesterday morning Sitting Bull and a number of Indian police had been killed.

The first dispatch was from Pierre, S D., stating that Sitting Bull and his son had been killed, but giving no further particulars.

The other dispatch was from Standing Rock agency, S. D., and stated that the Indian police started out in the morning to arrest Sitting Bull, having learned that he proposed starting for the Bad Lands at once. The police were followed by a troop of cavalry under Capt. Fouchal, and infantry under Coldrum.

The Great Chief Arrested.

When the police reached Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand river, about forty miles from Standing Rock, they found arrangements being made for departure. The cavalry had not yet reached the camp when the police arrested Bull and started back with him. His followers quickly rallied to his rescue and tried to retake him.

In the fight that ensued Sitting Bull is said to have been killed. Five of the Indian police were also killed.

One of the police rode back to the cavalry and infantry, and after telling them to hurry up to the support of the police, hurried on to the agency with the news of the battle.

No later particulars have been received, but the death of Sitting Bull and of at least five of the Indian police seems undoubtedly true.

An Unappreciated Legacy.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 13.—Through the death of her uncle, Miss Carrie E. Painter, of Homestead, has become the heiress to an estate of $500,000. The uncle was George Greevey, of New York, a bachelor of about 50 years. He died about two weeks ago, leaving an estate valued at about $1,000,000 to his two nieces, Cora Greevey, of Newport and Carrie Painter, of Homestead. "I hate money," said Miss Painter. "I do not care to be rich. I don't know why, but I always thought I would rather be poor and work for a living."

Death Due to Koch's Cure.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—A case of death following the use of lymph was reported yesterday. The case was an advanced one of tuberculosis-meningits and was one of five operated upon by Dr. Jacobi in the New York Foundling asylum. The patient was an 18-months-old female child. The first inoculation was performed on Friday and a second on Saturday. The inoculation was performed as a last resort, the case being regarded as hopeless before the operation, the the lymph had no effect.

New Orleans Has the Grip.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 15.—New Orleans has been struggling in the hands of la grippe for the last four weeks. Dr. T. F. Salomon, secretary of the board of health, estimates that the number of people sick with la grippe at from 26,000 to 30,000, as many as six and eight members of one family being confined to their beds by the disease, and many business firms are seriously embarrassed by the absence of their employes.

Co-operative Housekeeping.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—The first seven days of the co-operative housekeeping scheme started in the fashionable suburb of Evanston are said to have proven the plan a success. Over 5,000 orders have been served from the central kitchen to the stockholders. No fault has been found with the food or its cost. Considerable friction, however, was caused by slow delivery, but this is declared to have been remedied.

The Oldest Masonic Officer.

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 16.—Joseph H. Hough, the secretary of the grand lodge of Masons, died here. He was the oldest Masonic officer in the world, having been grand secretary for forty-eight years. He was a member of Ashlar lodge, but was initiated and raised in Trenton lodge in 1838. He became deputy grand secretary the same year and grand secretary in 1842. He was 75 years of age.

A Poor Man's Panic Predicted.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—Isador Strauss, of New York, in an interview published here, predicts a poor man's panic. "So far," he said, "we have had a rich man's panic, induced largely by speculative efforts to depress securities. Before the situation is relieved the masses are bound to suffer. I expect to see factories shut down or run on short time, wages lowered and a general era of hard times."

The Senate Caucus.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The Republican senators met in caucus at the residence of Senator McMillan last night and remained in session for more than three hours. They adjourned to meet again Wednesday night without coming to a definite conclusion on any of the propositions under discussion, but after indicating the probable fate of several of them.

Pittsburg Needs Fire Escapes.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 16.—The department of public safety has decided to prosecute all owners of buildings of three stories or more which are unprovided with fire escapes. The penalty is a fine of $500 and one year's imprisonment. There are hundreds of such buildings in Pittsburg.

Ben. Butler's Farewell.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Before commencing his lecture on Wendell Phillips Saturday night, at Tremont Temple, Gen. B. F. Butler announced this as his farewell appearance on any lecture platform. The veteran was visibly affected.

A Colored Class Orator.

EXETER, N. H., Dec. 15.—Phillips academy will have a colored class day orator. He is a Philadelphia boy and his name is Henry C. Minton. He is one of the brightest boys in the school and ranks high in scholarship.

ON THE TIDAL WAVE,

The Great Weekly Newspaper of the Family, the Merchant, the Farmer and the Mechanic.

1891—THE PITTSBURGH POST—1891

All the News,
Literary Department,
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Racy Correspondence,
WITH THE
Most Thorough and Reliable Market Reports Printed.

The year 1891 promises to be one of great interest at home and abroad to newspaper readers. THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST is the largest, as it is admittedly one of the best Democratic weekly papers in the Union. Each issue contains twelve pages, or four more than the usual size of city weeklies. With increasing facilities in gathering and printing the news, it will meet the demands of the coming year and entertain and interest its readers as never before.

POLITICAL—The closing year has been crowned by unparalleled Democratic victories in the State and nation. With the new year Governor Pattison will enter on his duties. The ground work of the great Presidential battle of 1892 will be laid this year. Congress and the State Legislature will be in session. THE WEEKLY POST will gather all the political new so important to every well-informed Democrat, and will discuss it with fairness and candor from the standpoint of Democratic principles.

LITERARY—During the year this department of THE WEEKLY POST will be of unsurpassed value and interest to the family circle. Several romances by the foremost authors of the day will succeed each other. In book form any one of them would cost a year's subscription. Valuable miscellaneous choice poetry, humorous sketches will add their attractions.

NEWS—We challenge comparison with the complete record of the world's history we give each week. Correspondence from the national and State capitals, New York and other American cities, as well as from Europe, by able writers will add great interest to this department by life-like descriptions of men and events.

THE MARKETS—THE WEEKLY POST for years has had a reputation with country and city merchants and dealers for its full and reliable market reports, bringing telegraphic quotations down to the day of publication. Its cattle and produce markets are especially commended.

TO SUM UP—It is the aim to make THE WEEKLY POST a welcome visitor to every fireside, an honest and faithful guide in politics, and in all respects a readable, bright and news journal of which the subscriber as well as the publisher may take an honest pride.

PREMIUMS—It is impossible to include in this announcement our premium list to subscribers. Send by postal card for a copy. The list includes valuable books as well as cash premiums.

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These three numbers contain the following reading matter:

(1) MRS. AMELIA E. BARR'S new serial, "The Beads of Tasmer.' Mrs. Barr is the author of that most successful serial, "Friend Oliva," just completed in *The Century*; but hereafter Mrs. Barr will write exclusively for *The New New York Ledger*.

(2) HON. GEORGE BANCROFT'S descriptron of "The Battle of Lake Erie," beautifully illustrated.

(3) MARGARET DELAND'S latest story, "To What End?"

(4) JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S poem, "My Brook," written expressly for *The Ledger*, beautifully illustrated by Wilson de Meza, and issued as a FOUR-PAGE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT.

(5) MRS. Dr. JULIA HOLMES SMITH starts a series of articles giving very valuable information to young mothers.

(6) ROBERT GRANT'S entertaining society novel "Mrs. Harold Stagg."

(7) HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, MARION HARLAND, NARQUISE LANZA, MAURICE THOMPSON AND GEORGE FREDERIC PARSONS contribute short stories.

(8) JAMES PARTON, M. W. HAZELTINE and OLIVER DYER (author of "Great Senators") contribute articles of interest.

In addition to the above, SPARKLING EDITORIALS, Illustrated Poems, HELEN MARSHALL NORTH'S chatty column, and a variety of delightful reading of interest to all members of the household.

The foregoing is a sample of the matter which goes to make up the most perfect National Family Journal ever offered to the American people.

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CLOTHING : AT : COST.

For the purpose of making certain changes in the organization of our business, and changing the entire line of our stock, as consisted at present, we shall offer our entire stock of

Men's Clothing & Furnishing Goods Boots & Shoes

from now until December 1st—these goods must be sold.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

Men's Suits reduced to	$3 50,	old price	$6 0
"	4 00	"	6 50
"	4 75	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 00
"	5 75	"	8 00
Men's Fine Black Suits	$ 5 00	were	$ 9 00
"	5 75	"	9 50
"	6 00	"	9 75
"	7 50	"	10 00
"	8 50	"	11 00
"	10 00	"	15 00
"	11 00	"	16 00
"	13 50	"	18 00
Men's Overcoats at	$2 25	Old price was	$ 3 75
"	2 50	"	3 90
"	3 00	"	4 00
"	4 50	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 50
"	6 50	"	8 50
"	7 50	"	11 00
"	8 75	"	12 00
Dittle Boys' Suits,	$1 15	Old price	$2 00
"	1 25	"	2 25
"	1 50	"	2 50
"	2 00	"	3 00
"	2 50	"	3 50
"	3 00	"	4 50
Men's Pants reduced to	$ 50	Old price	$ 90
"	75	"	1 00
"	1 20	"	1 75
"	1,50	"	2,25
"	2 00	"	3 50
"	2,50	"	3 75
"	3 00	"	4 75
"	3 25	"	5 00

Boys' overcoats from $1 00 on up, last year, $5 50
Men's Undershirts and Drawers at 20c apiece.
All Wool Red Undershirt and Drawers, 45c each.

Men's Flannel Overshirt at 62, 75, 90c and $1 00.
Men's Fine Flannel Dress Shirts, 95c, $1, 1 25, 1 50
Men's Heavy Undershirts and Drawers, 45c, old price 60c.
Gent's Fine Neckties, 40 and 43c, were 50 and 75
" " 15, 20 and 25c, were 25 to 35
Men's Overalls from 30c up.

Big Boys' Suits	$2 00	Old price was	$4 0
"	2 75	"	4 00
"	3 25	"	5 00
"	3 75	"	5 50
"	3 90	"	5 75
"	4 00	"	6 00
"	4 50	"	7 00

Boys' Knee Pants, 20 and 25c, were 35 to 50c.
" 35, 40 to 50c, were 50 to 75c.
" 40, 50 to 75c, were 90 to $1.

Men's Boots, $1 65, 1 75, $2, 2 25, 2 50, $3, old price $2 50 to 4 75.

One special lot of Men's Single Coats, 75c, $1, 1 25, 1 50, 2 00, 2 50, old prices were nearly double that.

Men's winter caps, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50c, old price 40 to 75c.

Men's gum shoes, 45c, price elsewhere 65 to 75.

Men's working shoes, 1 15, 1 25, price elsewhere, 1 35 to 1 75.

Men's Fine Dress Boots, 2 35 to 2 50, elsewhere 3 00 to 3 50.

Men's Fine Dress Shoes, 1 50, 1 75, elsewhere 2 00, to 2 50;

Men's Fine Shoes, 1 90, 2 25, elsewhere 2 25 to 3 50

We could go on and quote for whole pages like reductions, but have not the space. We intend to convert our entire clothing stock inside of the next 60 days and we propose to save you at least 20 to 30 per cent. in your purchases.

This is not merely a blow to make money but is an actual bona fide reduction of all men's wearing apparel at wholesale cost prices for the purpose of making some radical change in our stock and to commence business on January 1st, or thereabouts, with an entire different line of goods. Remember that our entire stock is nearly all goods purchased this season. In our Dry Goods and Dress Goods we have the most complete stock in the county.

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on his shoes, and says it is the finest Dressing in the world for his ess.

Change a Pine le to Walnut.
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Sirs:—Last Summer I ed a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having u it with perfect success, curing every thing I trit on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad hin that made him lame. He asked me how to e it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. e cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours rectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.:

Dear Sirs:—I have beselling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint ondition Powders than ever before. One man I to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectly,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,

Dear Sirs:—I have useveral bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure w perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mi that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The re is now entirely free from lameness and shows *bunch on the joint.*

Respectfully,
F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SIVIN CURE.

MOE, La., May 8, '90.

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Gents:—I think it my d to render you my thanks for your far famed ndall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly hich I prized very highly. She had a very seve swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds edicines which did no good. I purchased a be of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her four days.

I remain ye,
MARION DOWDEN.

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KEYSTONE NOTES.

Items of Real Interest Presented in Condensed Form.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS DO AND KNOW.

Gleanings of Importance from All Fields of News, Picked Up Here and There In the State.

The per capita debt of Scranton is $5.65.

Bristol's water company is about to pay out a dividend of 30 per cent.

Work has begun on the new building for the street car offices at West Chester.

Register Hazlett, of Media, was rooted out of bed a few nights ago to issue a marriage license.

Agents are traveling through Chester county buying walnut trees, which are shipped to Germany.

Joseph Quay, who claimed to be a relative of Senator Quay, has been jailed for larceny at Reading.

J. W. Duddridge fell dead on his chopping block at his home at Sugar Bottom, on the Neshaminy.

Reuben Duffol, of Chester, was seriously hurt recently by being struck with a snowball containing a stone.

The fire at the Charlotte mine at Scottdale is still burning, and already the damage amounts to $12,000.

T. C. Kintzing, president of the First National bank of Lock Haven, died at his home, that city, aged 72 years.

Six hundred names will be put in the jury wheel in the Bucks county courts at Doylestown the first of the year.

There was a fire in the business secton of Pottstown by which property worth about $150,000 was destroyed.

Eddie Bixler, a Freemansburg school boy, fell from a trapeze while "skinning the cat," and suffered concussion of the brain.

There are fifty cases of diphtheria in Allentown, and during the past two weeks there have been four deaths in one family.

The clothing of Miss Kate Geidy caught fire at the kitchen range in the county almshouse at Reading and she was fatally burned.

While shooting at a mark near Reading, John Fair, aged 14, accidentally shot Howard Hall, aged 11., Hall is dead and Fair has been arrested.

Miss Stiltz, of Summit Level, near Joanna Heights, disturbed a burglar as he was searching the house, but the lady fainted, and the thief escaped.

Dr. C. H. Thimme, a Reading dentist, has been arrested for refusing to support his wife. She says he has bought her but one dress in fourteen years.

A Doylestown township florist claims he can beat any lady or gentleman in the county at the game of "Tiddledy Winks," and is open for competition.

An execution was issued on Saturday at Lancaster against Ephraim Merskey, carpenter, for $1,500; and one against John Faegley, junk dealer, for $3,500.

A grove of giant trees at Barto, Berks county, recently sold at auction for $157 per acre, more than the average price of cultivated land in that county.

Verdicts aggregating $20,000 were rendered at last week's court against the Allentown Terminal railroad for land taken for the construction of the road.

James Featherall, of Lancaster, went on a farmer's land to get a drink of water, when the owner shot at him as a trespasser, and riddled his body with bird shot.

Charles C. Smith, of Narberth park, had a quarrel with his wife and refused to sign his pension voucher to spite her. They are without the necessities of life and she cannot get his pension meney.

Edward C. Ebright, of Lebanon, was robbed of $800 and two gold watches. The money had been secreted in a sugar bowl covered with clothes, in a washstand on the second floor of the house.

Sixteen months ago a carrier pigeon belonging to Peter Kerns, of Chester, mysteriously disappeared. Information was received that the bird was in Baltimore, and Sunday it was released and unerringly found its way home.

Mrs. Lydia Snyder, of Drehersville, a strong and healthy woman, died suddenly. She went to the barn to milk the cows, after which she was found sitting upon a stool in an unconscious condition, from which she never rallied.

George Reed, of Liberty, Tioga county, was accidentally killed a few days ago, just twenty-six years after he was to have been shot for falling asleep at picket duty. He had a peculiar ailment which caused him to sleep a great deal, and this caused his sentence to be commnted.

Pennsylvania Finances

HARRISBURG, Dec. 16.—The state financial officers—State Treasurer Boyer and Auditor General McCamant—have completed their report of the receipts and expenditures for the year ending Nov. 30, 1890. A comparison of some of the principal figures in this statement with the corresponding figures for the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1889, makes the following showing:

	1890.	1889.
Receipts for year	$8,625,919.10	$8,465,699.22
Expenses of govern't	1,3 2,839.51	2,082,471.49
Total expenditures	8,168,861.18	8,182,847.34
Balance in treasury	4,426,645.45	3,969,587.53

Killed by Tramps

ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 16.—Mrs. Jane Lewis, who resided in the Kettle, near Altoona, died from injuries inflicted by tramps. Her face and head were horribly cut in several places and her tongue was almost cut in two. The deed was committed on Wednesday. The affair has caused considerable excitement here. The murdered woman was 66 years of age.

Says She Knows Her Father.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 15. — Miss Carrie Painter or Greevy, the Homestead heiress to $500,000 through the death of her uncle, George Greevy, of Newport, insists that she is the daughter of Thomas H. Greevy, the late Democratic congressional candidate of Altoona, notwithstanding his denial.

Pattison Calls on Beaver.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 15.—Governor-elect Pattison called on Governor Beaver at the executive department and spent two hours with him in pleasant conversation.

CONGRESSIONAL RESUME.

The Week's Work of the Fifty-first Congress.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—In the house Representative-elect Thomas J. Geary, of California, was sworn in. The resolution looking to the removal of the remains of Gen. Grant to Arlington was defeated (92 to 153). A number of public building bills were passed.

In the senate some minor measures were passed. In presenting a bill relating to circulation, Mr. Plumb said he would soon ask to have the election bill laid aside and financial matters considered. Debate on the election bill was resumed, and Mr. Berry and Mr. Daniel spoke against it.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The senate passed the bill providing for the payment of a rebate on tobacco. Mr. George spoke in opposition to the election bill.

The house devoted the day to business reported by the committee on Indian affairs.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The senate passed the bill appropriating $28,000 for a vessel for boarding purposes at Chicago. A resolution was passed instructing the postoffice committee to investigate the subject of postal savings banks. Mr. Plumb's resolution for early meeting and night sessions was debated until 2 o'clock, when the election bill was taken up and Messrs. Wilson and ... made speeches.

In the house the fortifications and deficiency appropriations bills, the bill providing for the removal of causes from state courts, the bill to prevent the manufacture of counterfeit dies and the bill to provide a penalty for the alteration of election returns with intent to effect the result were passed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The senate passed a resolution providing that, beginning Monday next, the senate meet at 10 o'clock and that the morning hour conclude at 11 o'clock. Mr. Dolph's resolution requiring the committee on privileges and elections to inquire whether the right of suffrage is denied or abridged in any state, was debated at length but went over without action. Mr. Blodgett and Mr. Waltham spoke in opposition to the election bill.

The house passed a number of private relief bills.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The house discussed the bill for the inspection of cattle and hogs and referred it to the committee on agriculture. The rest of the day was devoted to legislation for the territories.

The senate continued the debate on the federal elections bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—In the senate the bill giving settlers opposite unsurveyed land the privilege of taking an additional 160 aces of it passed. Mr. Wilson, of Maryland, and Mr. Vance addressed the senate on the federal election bill.

The house adopted a resolution calling for information about national banks used as government depositaries. The bill to adjust and pay Indian depredation claims was passed.

A Little Girl's Strange Crime.

HAMILTON, Ont., Dec. 16. — Sarah Hunter, an orphan, aged 13, employed as a domestic in the family of W. H. Smith, a farmer living near Winona, poisoned herself by taking "Rough on Rats." She suffered extreme pain. A doctor was called, but before he could do anything to relieve the girl she died. Before her death the girl confessed to having attempted about a week ago to poison the Smith family by putting poison in the kettle. All the family were taken sick, but had no suspicion of the real cause.

Senator Hampton Defeated.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 12.—John Laurens Manning Irby, the young Reformer, was elected in the general assembly to succeed Gen. Wade Hampton as United States senator. The fourth ballot resulted: Hampton, 36; Donaldson, 37; Irby, 82, Irby lacking only one vote of election. The Donaldson men then changed their votes to Irby, electing him by 105 votes; Donaldson, 10; Hampton, 42. Irby was greeted with loud cheers by the Reformers and hisses by the straight outs and crowds in the galleries.

Convicted of Hersey.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 12.—The Pittsburg presbytery of the Reformed Presbyterian church found the five of its ministers who have been on trial before it the past three days guilty as indicted of the sin and scandal of following diversive courses in advocating the admission of voting citizens of the United States into their congregation. Sentence was passed suspending them from the exercise of their ministerial functions until they repent.

Extending the Bonded Period.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The decision of the ways and means committee to report to the house a resolution extending the period for withdrawing imported goods from bond to July 1, is believed to settle the matter for all intents and purposes. The house will hardly fail to pass such an amendment when recommended by the Republican majority of the committee responsible for the tariff act.

Birds and Beasts at Sea.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—Nearly 8,000 canary birds arrived on the steamship Trave from Bremen. They were raised in Harzburg, Germany. The Trave also brought a lion, two Sumatra tigers, a hyena, two boas, eight ostriches and other animals for the Central Park menagerie. The lion was very seasick for two days.

His Hallucination Verified.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 13.—James Clark, aged 63 years, living at Kentmere, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself with a horse pistol loaded with shot. He is now in the hospital here and is in a serious condition. He was out of work and had a hallucination that some one was going to shoot him.

Vanquished the White Caps.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Dec. 13.—White Caps visited the house of Thomas Burgess, a farmer living in Meade county, Ky., to whip him. He shot and killed one of the raiders and wounded two others. With his wife Burgess fled to the woods through a rear door and reached friends in New Amsterdam, Ind.

Died in Her Pew.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Mrs. Catherine Quaid, 69 years of age, died yesterday in a pew, while attending services in the church of St. Thomas Aquinas in Brooklyn. Mrs. Quaid was the mother-in-law of Thomas F. Nevins, chief engineer of the Brooklyn fire department.

Princess Louise Shocked.

LONDON, Dec. 13. — Joseph Edgar Boehem, the eminent sculptor, died suddenly in his studio last evening. The Princess Louise, who called to inquire as to the progress of a bust which he was making of herself, was horrified to find him dead in his chair.

Holidays by the Sea.

CAPE MAY, Dec. 16.—It is rumored that President Harrison and family will arrive here and open their cottage at the Point for a week during the Christmas vacation. Gen. William J. Sewell's family arrived at their cottage yesterday.

A BIG CUT!

The Knife Put Into Prices!

Owing to a contemplated change in my business, I offer my entire stock of goods at greatly reduced prices.

MEN'S SUITS REDUCED FROM $18 00 to $12 00
" " " $14 00 to $10 00

Men's Suits at $3 50, 4 00, 5 50, 6 00 and $8 00.
Boys' Suits at $3 00, $3 50, 4 00, 5 00, 5 00, 6 00 and 8 00
Children's Suits for $1 25, 1 50, 1 75, 2 00, 2 50, 3 00, and upwards.

A GENUINE REDUCTION

from 25 to 40 per cent. on our former prices.

Overcoats, Pants, Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Hats, Trunks and Valises at reduced prices.

A call will convince you that what I advertise is true.

SIMON LOEB,
BROCKERHOFF BLOCK, - - BELLEFONTE.

- Harper & Kreamer -

Are now carrying the largest stock of general merchandise of any store in the valley and are daily adding new lines to their stock of goods. The

:o: DRY :o: GOODS :o:

department is abundantly supplied with fall and winter wear, purchasing to supply the wants of customers. A large stock of

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

has been received and are open for the inspection of the people. W are making a specialty of clothing and carry a fine assortment, and at prices that will startle you and convice you that we can suit you. Call and inspect it.

Harper & Kreamer's.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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When our Office Cat begins its mews,
Then expect important news.

FIVE CENTS WORTH of Breaker Powder (high estimate) will cure Cock or Hen of Pips, Gaps or cholera. At a low value the bird is worth 30 cents. Percentage of profit, 500 per cent.

TEN CENTS WORTH of Breaker Powder (high estimate) will cure a 16-pound turkey, worth [low estimate], $2. Profit, 1900 per cent.

A CAN of Breaker Powder, worth a quarter a can (high estimate,) will save a 400-pound porker worth (low value) $24. Profit, 7400 per cent.

IT'S LIKEWISE the best remedy on earth for horses, cattle and mules. It's worth a quarter a can, or 1 9 16 cents a tablespoonful. Set your own value on your own animal and see what the percentage of profit it will be.

Compounded by the Breaker Remedies Co., Hazleton, Pa. Ask your dealer for it.



$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect November 23, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.10 p. m., Washington, 5.55 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

2.10 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 7.50 p. m., New York, 10.35 p. m., Baltimore, 7.00 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.42 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches to Philadelphia.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.23.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

2.03 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday.) For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renova, Elmira and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Renova and Elmira.

9.30 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, (Daily) arriving at Montandon 10 23.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 11.17 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 2.03 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.14 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.30 p m, Baltimore 4.32 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.30 p m.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P M
2 15	10 25	5 50	Montandon	9 20	1 55	5 45
2 25	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	1 45	5 35
2 35		6 24	Biehl	9 00		5 26
2 40		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		5 20
2 50		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		5 10
3 05		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 55
3 14		7 08	Laurelton	8 17		4 46
3 48		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		4 12
4 00		7 53	Coburn	7 30		4 00
4 08		8 01	Zerby	7 21		3 52
4 17		8 10	Rising Spring	7 12		3 43
4 25		8 18	Penn Cave	7 05		3 35
4 30		8 24	Centre Hall	6 58		3 28
4 37		8 32	Gregg	6 51		3 23
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 43		3 16
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 38		3 11
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 34		3 07
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 29		3 03
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 19		2 53
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 14		2 49
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 10		2 45

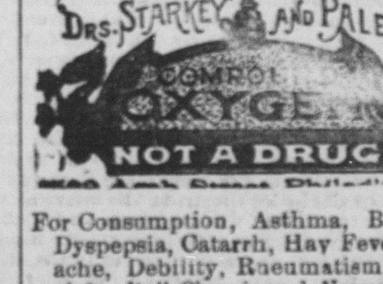
Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.05 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.30 p m 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag t,

SALESMEN WANTED. LOCAL OR TRAVELING

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15mayg m ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Treatmen By Inhalation.



For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and *all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

"The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen have been using for the last twenty years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen *magnetized*, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

Drs. Starkey & Palen have the liberty to refer to the following named well known persons who have tried their treatment.

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Rev. Victor L. Codrad, Ed Luth. Observer, Phila
Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Ed. Inter-Ocean, Chicago
W. H. Worthington, Ed. New South, New York.
Judge H. P. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kan.
Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. W. Schuyler, Easton, Pa.
E. L. Wilson, 833 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Ph. Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Is.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
Mrs. Manuel V. Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mex
Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Honduras, C. A.
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. Ashbrook, Red Bluff, Cal.
J. Moore, Sup. Police, Blanforn, Dorsetshire, Eng.
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"*Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results,*" is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

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VIGOR STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The City of Damascus."

TEXT "*As he journeyed he came near Damascus.*"—Acts ix., 3.

In Palestine we spent last night in a mud hovel of one story, with camels and sheep in the basement. Yet never did the most brilliant hotel on any continent seem so attractive to me as that structure. If we had been obliged to stay in a tent, as we expected to do that night, we must have perished. A violent storm had opened upon us its volleys of hail and snow and rain and wind as if to let us know what the Bible means when prophet and evangelist and Christ Himself spoke of the fury of the elements. The atmospheric wrath broke upon us about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and we were until night exposed to it. With hands and feet benumbed, and our bodies chilled to the bone, we made our slow way. While high up on the rocks, and the gale blowing the hardest, a signal of distress halted the party, for down in the ravines one of the horses had fallen and his rider must not be left alone amid that wilderness of scenery and horror of storm. As the night approached the tempest thickened and blackened and strengthened. Some of our attendants going ahead had gained permission for us to halt for the night in the mud hovel I spoke of. Our first duty on arrival was the resuscitation of the exhausted of our party. My room was without a window, and an iron stove without any top in the center of the room, the smoke selecting my eyes in the absence of a chimney. Through an opening in the floor Arab faces were several times thrust up to see how I was progressing. But the tempest ceased during the night, and before it was fully day we were feeling for the stirrups of our saddled horses, this being the day whose long march will bring us to that city whose name cannot be pronounced in the hearing of the intelligent or Christian without making the blood tingle and the nerves to thrill, and putting the best emotions of the soul into agitation—Damascus!

During the day we passed Cæsarea Philippi, the northern terminus of Christ's journeyings. North of that He never went. We lunch at noon, seated on the fallen columns of one of Herod's palaces.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, coming to a hill top, we saw on the broad plain a city, which the most famous camel driver of all time, afterward called Mohammed, the prophet and the founder of the most stupendous system of error that has ever cursed the earth, refused to enter because he said God would allow no man to enter but one paradise, and he would not enter this earthly paradise lest he should be denied entrance to the heavenly. But no city that I ever saw so plays hide and seek with the traveler. The air is so clear the distant objects seem close by. You come on the top of a hill and Damascus seems only a little way off. But down you go into a valley and you see nothing for the next half hour but barrenness and rocks regurgitated by the volcanoes of other ages. Up another hill and down again. Up again and down again. But after your patience is almost exhausted you reach the last hill top, and the city of Damascus, the oldest city under the whole heavens and built by Noah's grandson, grows upon your vision. Every mile of the journey now becomes more solemn and suggestive and tremendous.

This is the very road, for it has been the only road for thousands of years, the road from Jerusalem to Damascus, along which a cavalcade of mounted officers went, about 1854 years ago, in the midst of them a fierce little man who made up by magnitude of hatred for Christianity for his diminutive stature, and was the leading spirit, and, though suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes, from those eyes flashed more indignation against Christ's followers than any one of the horsed procession. This little man, before his name was changed to Paul, was called Saul. So many of the mightiest natures of all ages are condensed into smallness of stature. The Frenchman who was sometimes called by his troops "Old One Hundred Thousand," was often, because of his abbreviated personal presence, styled "Little Nap." Lord Nelson, with insignificant stature to start with and one eye put out at Calvi and his right arm taken off at Teneriffe, proves himself at Trafalgar the mightiest hero of the English navy. The greatest of American theologians, Archibald Alexander, could stand under the elbow of many of his contemporaries. Look out for little men when they start out for some especial mission of good or evil. The thunderbolt is only a condensation of electricity.

Well, that galloping group of horsemen on the road to Damascus were halted quicker than bombshell or cavalry charge ever halted a regiment. The Syrian noon-day, because of the charity of the atmosphere, is the brightest of all noon-days, and the noonday sun in Syria is positively terrific for brilliance. But suddenly that noon there flashed from the heavens a light which made that Syrian sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and ascended Christ looking from the heavens, and under the dash of that overpowering light all the horses dropped with their riders. Human face and horse's mane together in the dust. And then two claps of thunder followed uttering the two words, the second word like the first: "Saul! Saul!" For three days that fallen equestrian was totally blind, for excessive light will sometimes extinguish the eyesight. And what cornea and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday Syrian sun? I had read it a hundred times, but it never so impressed me before, and probably will never so impress me again, as I took my Bible from the saddle bags and read aloud to our comrades in travel, "As he journed he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, 'Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou Me?' and he said, 'Who art Thou, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.'"

But we cannot stop longer on this road, for we shall see this unhorsed equestrian later in Damascus, toward which his horse's head is turned, and at which we must ourselves arrive before night. The evening is near at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us and approach the shadow of the cupolas of two hundred mosques we cut through a circumference of many miles of garden which embower the city. So luxuriant are these gardens, so opulent in colors, so luscious of fruits, so glittering with fountains, so rich with bowers and kiosks that the Mohammedan's heaven was fashioned after what are to be seen here of bloom and fruitage. Here in Damascus at the right season are cherries and mulberries and apricots and almonds and pistachios and pomegranates and pears and apples and plums and citrons and all the richness of the round world's pomology. No wonder that Julian called this city "the eye of the East," and that the poets of Syria have styled it "the luster on the neck of doves," and historians said, "It is the golden clasp which couples the two sides of the world together."

Many travelers express disappointment with Damascus, but the trouble is they have carried in their minds from boyhood the book which dazzles so many young people, "The Arabian Nights," and they come into Damascus looking for Aladdin's lamp and Aladdin's ring and the genii which appeared by robbing them. But as I have never read "The Arabian Nights," such stuff not being allowed around our house in my boyhood, and nothing lighter in the way of reading than "Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest" and D'Aubigny's "History of the Reformation," Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular histories have presented it, and so the city was not a disappointment, but with few exceptions a surprise.

Under my window to night in the hotel at Damascus I hear the perpetual ripple and rush of the river Abana. Ah, the secret is out! Now I know why all this flora and fruit, and why everything is so green, and the plain one green emerald. The river Abana! And not far off the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through to-day! Thank the rivers, or rather the God who made the rivers! Deserts to the north, deserts to the south, deserts the east, deserts to the west, but here a paradise. And as the rivers Gihon and Pison and Hiddekel and Euphrates made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That is what made Gen. Naaman of this city of Damascus so mad when he was told for the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the river Jordan. The river Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream and it is never so clear as this river Abana that I hear rumbling under my window to-night nor as the river Pharpar that we crossed to-day. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some especial sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy he must go and wash in the Jordan, he felt as we who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames, or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber.

So General Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words which every minister of the Gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Thank God, we live in a land with plenty of rivers, and that they bless all our Atlantic coast and all our Pacific coast, and reticulate all the continent between the coasts. Only those who have traveled in the deserts of Syria, or Egypt, or have in the oriental cities heard the tinkling of the bell of those who sell water can realize what it is to have this divine beverage in abundance. Water rumbling over the rocks, turning the mill wheel, saturating the roots of the corn, dripping from the buckets, filling the pitchers of the household, rolling through the fonts or baptistries of holy ordinance, filling the reservoirs of cities, inviting the cattle to come down and slake their thirst and the birds of heaven to dip their wing, ascending in robe of mist and falling again in benediction of shower—water, living water, God given water!

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the song of those who have different styles of food to sell. It is not a street cry as in London or New York, but a weird and long drawn out solo, compared with which a buzz saw is musical. It makes you inopportunely waken, and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song it becomes quite tolerable, for they sing: "God is the nourisher, buy my bread;" God is the nourisher, buy my milk;" "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if it were put to vote who should be king of all the earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed. Looking from the window, you see on the housetops and on the streets Mohammedans at worship. The muezzin, or the officers of religion who announce the time of worship, appear high up on the different minarets or tall towers, and walk around the minaret, inclosed by a railing and cry in a sad and mumbling way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! Come to salvation! God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship. As he begins he turns his face toward the city of Mecca, and unrolls upon the ground a rug which he almost always carries. With his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears, and holding his face between his hands, he cries: "God is great." Then folding his hands across his girdle, he looks down and says "Holiness to Thee, O God, and praise be to Thee. Great is Thy name. Great is Thy greatness, There is no deity but Thee." Then the worshiper sits upon his heels, then he touches his nose to the rug, and then his forehead, these genuflections accompanied with the cry, "Great is God." Then, raising the forefinger of his right hand toward heaven, he says: "I testify there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is the servant of God, and the messenger of God." The prayers close by the worshiper holding his hands opened upward as if to take the divine blessing, and then his hands are rubbed over his face as if to convey the blessing to his entire body.

There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before every act of prayer, and that is five times a day, and there is a gospel in cleanliness. Another commendable thing is they don't care who is looking and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is that by the order of Mohammed, and an order obeyed for thirteen hundred years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the polygamy, the many wifehood of Mohommedanism, has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of woman, and when woman sinks the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism instead of its obliteration, is like an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will ever reform Mohammedanism, and that is its extirpation from the face of the earth by the power of the Gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man, but woman, free for this life and free for the life to come.

The spirit of the horrible religion which prevades the city of Damascus, along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazars we make purchases, and in whose mosques we study the wood carvings and bedizements, were demonstrated as late as 1860, when in this city it put to death 6000 Christians in forty-eight hours and put to the torch 3000 Christian homes, and those streets we walk to-day were red with the carnage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and dishonored men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan, better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader by name, a great soldier, who in one war had with 2500 troops beaten 60,000 of the enemy, now protested against this massacre and gathered the Christians of Damascus into castles and private houses and filled his own home with the affrighted sufferers. After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew his sword, and with a few of his old soldiers around him charged on the mob and cried: "Wretches! Is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame on you! Shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire."

Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assassination rolled back. Huzza for Abd-el-Kader! Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unhindered, there is in many parts of the city the subdued hissing of a hatred for Christianity that if it dared would put to death every man, woman and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed. But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has within a few years been constructed from Beyrout, on the shore of the Mediterranean, to this city of Damascus, and if ever again the wholesale assassination is attempted French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down this Damascus plain and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floor of their mosques and seraglios. It is too late in the history of the world for governments to allow such things as the modern massacre at Damascus. For such murderous attacks on Christian missionaries and Christian disciples the Gospel is not so appropriate as cannons or sabers sharp and heavy enough to cut through with one stroke from crown of head to saddle.

But I must say that this city of Damascus as I see it now is not as absorbing as the Damascus of olden times. I turn my back upon the bazars, with rugs fascinating the merchants from Bagdad, and the Indian textile fabric of incomparable make, and the manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the orient to ride and pull, and baths where ablution becomes inspiration, and the homes of those bargain makers of to-day, marbled and divaned and fountained and upholstered and mosaiced and arabesqued and colonaded until nothing can be added, and the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, and columns of porphyry and kneeling places framed in diamond and seventy-four stained glass windows and six hundred lamps of pure gold, a single prayer offered in this mosque said to be worth thirty thousand prayers offered in any other place. I turn my back on all these and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls Straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian Champs Elysees, a great thoroughfare crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations.

There goes Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchasing a celebrated slave. There goes Ben Hadad of Bible times, leading thirty-two conquered monarchs. There goes David, King, warrior and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane, the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of ninety-five thousand Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of sword which the world has forgotten how to make, a Damascus blade, which the interlacings of color changing at every new turn of the light, many colors coming and going and interjoining, the blade so keen it could cut in twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble, with an elasticity that could not be broken, though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt, and having a watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just dipped in a clear fountain, a triumph of cutlery which a thousand modern foundrymen and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of this street damasks, named after this city, figures of animals and fruits and landscapes here being first wrought into silk—damasks. And specimens of damaskeening by which in this city steel and iron were first graved, and then the groves filled with wire of gold—damaskeening. But stand back or be run over, for here are at the gates of the city laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction, and from Jerusalem in another direction, and caravans of all nations paying toll to the supremacy. Great is Damascus!

But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot nor caravan nor bazar nor palace, but a blind man passing along the street, small of stature and insignificant in personal appearance. Oh, yes; we have seen him before. He was one of that cavalcade coming from Jerusalem to Damascus to kill Christians, and we saw him and his horse tumble up there on the road some distance out of the city, and he got up blind. Yes, it is Saul of Tarsus now going along this street called Straight. He is led by his friends, for he cannot see his hand before his face, unto the house of Judas; not Judas the bad, but Judas the good. In another part of this city one Ananias, not Ananias the liar, but Ananias the Christian, is told by the Lord to go to this house of Judas on Straight street and put his hands on the blind eyes of Saul that his sight might return. "Oh," said Ananias, "I dare not go; that Saul is a terrible fellow. He kills Christians and he will kill me." "Go," said the Lord, and Ananias went. There sits in blindness that tremendous persecutor. He was a great nature crushed. He had started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he has entirely changed. Ananias steps up to the sightless man, puts his right thumb on one eye and the left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love and faith says: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me that thou mayst receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Instantly something like scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all the ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitefield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for widespread philanthropy, but more than all of them put together inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent, apostolic. Did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias, the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes and we see things differently.

A Christian woman, missionary among a most degraded tribe, whose religion was never to wash or improve personal appearance, was trying to persuade one of those heathen women not only of need of change of heart but change of habits, which would result in change of appearance but the effort failed until the missionary had placed in her own hallway a looking glass, and when the barbaric woman passing through the hall saw herself in the mirror for the first time, she exclaimed, "Can it be possible I look like that?" and appalled at her own appearance she renounced her old religion and asked to be instructed in the Christian religion. And so we feel that we are all right in our sinful and unchanged condition until the scales fall from our eyes, and in the looking glass of God's word we see ourselves as we really are, until divine grace transforms us.

There are many people in this house to-day as blind as Paul was before Ananias touched his eyes. And there are many here from whose eyes the scales have already fallen. You see all subjects and all things differently—God and Christ and eternity, and your own immortal spirit. Sometimes the scales do not all fall at once. When I was a boy, at Mount Pleasant, one Sunday afternoon reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," that afternoon some of the scales fell from my eyes and I saw a little. After I had been in the ministry about a year, one Sunday afternoon in the village parsonage reading the Bible story of the Syro-Phenician's faith, other scales fell from my eyes and I saw better. Two Sunday evenings ago, while preparing for the evening service in New York, I picked up a book that I did not remember to have seen before, and after I had read a page about reconsecration to God I think the remaining scales fell from my eyes. Shall not our visit to Damascus to-day result, like Paul's visit, in vision to the blind and increased vision for those who saw somewhat before?

I was reading of a painter's child who became blind in infancy. But after the child was nearly grown a surgeon removed the blindness. When told that this could be done, the child's thought, her mother being dead, was she would be able to see her father, who had watched over her with great tenderness. When night came she was in raptures, and ran her hands over her father's face, and shut her eyes as if to assure herself that this was really the father whom she had only known by touch, and now looking upon him, noble man as he was in appearance as well as in reality, she cried out: "Just to think that I had this father so many years and never knew him!" As great and greater is the soul's joyful surprise when the scales fall from the eyes and the long spiritual darkness is ended, and we look up into our Father's face always radiant and loving, but now for the first revealed, and our blindness forever gone, we cry, "Abba Father!"

To each one of this vast multitude of auditors I say as Ananias did to Saul of Tarsus when his sympathetic fingers touched the closed eyelids: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! The Lord even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

How Old is the Wheelbarrow?

The history of the wheelbarrow is of no great importance in itself, but it happens to illustrate well the sources of historical knowledge, and how they yield the facts men desire to know.

The invention of the wheelbarrow has been credited commonly to Pascal, a French philosopher and writer of about the middle of the seventeenth century. According to Littre's dictionary of the French language, however, the wheelbarrow was invented by a Mr. Dupin in 1669. One or the other of these two accounts has been accepted generally—in France at least, where every useful invention is believed to be of French origin.

Now a writer in the French scientific journal, *La Nature*, calls attention to an old book printed in 1555, in which is a curious wood engraving that represents a single-wheeled barrow pushed along by a laborer. Another plate of the same book shows a tramway car running upon rails. This puts the use of the wheelbarrow back more than a hundred years earlier than the time of Pascal.

Last year, at the exhibition in Paris of carriages of all kinds, it was reported that the origin of the wheelbarrow was to be found in the thirteenth century. In the margin of a manuscript belonging to that time there is a drawing of a man wheeling another person in a single-wheeled barrow precisely like those in use at the present day.

In a manuscript of the fourteenth century may be seen a wheelbarrow used for the carriage of a load which looks like bags of grain. Another miniature painting upon a manuscript of the fifteenth century represents a hospital where nuns are attending to the lame and wounded. There is one wounded person who is being brought in on a wheelbarrow. This indicates that the vehicle was used to carry the infirm or disabled.

Still another fifteenth century manuscript shows a wheelbarrow used for moving building materials. As the picture is intended to illustrate the history of Rome, the artist of course saw no want of consistency in representing this vehicle as in use at that early period—and who can say that it was not? The laborer made the work all the easier by the use of a strap which passed over his shoulders.

At present, then, the wheelbarrow is known to be at least six hundred years old, and not two centuries, as was at one time supposed. The next step is to show that William the Conqueror carried wheelbarrows with him when he moved his quarters across the Channel from Normandy to England in the eleventh century.

A Spiteful Spider.

I saw the other day an example of genuine reasoning and bitter resentment exhibited by a spider.

In one corner of my yard, protected by an overhanging cornice and porch, there are several spider webs, and in particular two, one directly above the other, at a distance of about six inches, and each tenanted by a large spider.

I was seated in a chair in the shade one Sunday afternoon when I noticed them, and picked up a bit of chip and tossed it into the upper web to see what the spider would do. He ran out and examined the chip, but quickly deciding that it was of no earthly value to a spider, set about getting rid of it.

He was very methodical and went regularly round the chip, cutting the thread on every side until the chip finally hung by one strand, which he severed, and it dropped into the web of the spider who was keeping house on the lower story. Out came the latter, thinking he had caught something, but when he found the chip his rage seemed unbounded.

It evidently wasn't the first time his upper-story neighbor had dumped his refuse into the lower web, and he determined to stand it no longer. He went up the ropes like an athlete, leaving the chip where it fell, and in an instant was in the upper web and engaged in a deadly battle with its occupant. They had a terrible fight, and rolled over and over each other, biting and hugging with the utmost ferocity.

At last, in their tumbles, they fell through the hole where the chip had been cut out, and down into the lower web, which seemed to frighten the upper spider, which was a little larger, and after a few more tumbles he got loose and escaped up a rope to his own quarters, minus the whole of one leg and the half of another.

The lower spider climbed half way up in pursuit, then stopped and seemed to reflect. He waited a moment, then concluded he, too, had enough, so he went back, cleared out the chip, and mended his web.

I dropped two or three bits of straw into the upper web, but the big spider paid no attention. The other had given him a lesson—had, in spider language, set up a sign, "No dumping, under penalty of the law," and he was not slow to take a hint.

Disadvantage of Tallness.

Tall men, as a rule, have bodies out of proportion to their lower limbs—that is, smaller than they ought to be—with the natural result that they are unable so to bear fatigue or to compete in the struggles of life with lesser men more harmoniously proportioned. Army experience bears out these observations. In a long and fatiguing march the tall men usually fall out first or succumb to campaigning, unless, as is very rarely the case, they have well-knit and symmetrical frames. A soldier between 5 feet 5 inches and 5 feet 8 or 9 inches is usually the man most capable of bearing the strain of life.

ALWAYS say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some man's darkened room like a beautiful fire-fly whose happy circumlocutions he can not but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

GIVE not that which is useful to the pigs, neither cast away stale bread which may possess the promise and potency of a good pudding.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1890.

Jesus' Parting Words.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 24: 44-53. Memory verses: 45-48.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.*—Heb. 5: 8.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Son's Ascension Witnessed.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. The Final Words, vs. 44-48.
2. The Promised Power, vs. 49, 52, 53.
3. The Triumphal Ascent, vs. 50, 51.

GOLDEN TEXT: *If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself.*—John 14: 3.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 24: 44-53. Son's ascension.
T.—Mark 16: 9-20. The final events.
W.—Acts 1: 1-14. The Lord's ascension.
T.—Acts 2: 1-21. The promised power.
F.—Eph. 4: 1-16. The Lord's ascension gifts.
S.—Rom. 8: 31-39. Blessings through his ascension.
S.—1 Pet. 3: 8-22. Gone into heaven.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE FINAL WORDS.

I. Concerning the Lord's Sufferings:

The Christ should suffer, and rise again (46).

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all (Isa. 53: 6).

It pleased the Lord to bruise him (Isa. 53: 10).

Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things? (Luke 24: 26).

It behoved the Christ to suffer, and to rise again (Acts 17: 3).

II. Concerning the World's Need:

Remission of sins....in his name unto all the nations (47).

Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand (Matt. 4: 17).

Except ye repent, ye shall all in like manner perish (Luke 13: 3).

Repent ye,....unto the remission of your sins (Acts 2: 38).

Apart from shedding of blood there is no remission (Heb. 9: 22).

III. Concerning the Disciples' Mission:

Ye are witnesses of these things (48).

Freely ye received, freely give (Matt. 10: 8).

Go ye,.. and make disciples of all the nations (Matt, 28: 19).

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel (Mark 16: 15).

As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you (John 20: 21):

1. "All things must needs be fulfilled, which are written....concerning me." (1) The things written; (2) The character portrayed; (3) The certain fulfilment.
2. "The Christ should suffer, and rise again from the dead." (1) A suffering Christ anticipated; (2) A risen Christ foretold; (3) A perfected Christ displayed.
3. "Ye are witnesses of these things." (1) The appointed duty; (2) The essential testimony; (3) The awaiting world.

II. THE PROMISED POWER.

I: The Promise of the Father:

Behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you (49).

I will pour my spirit upon thy seed (Isa. 44: 3).

I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh (Joel 2: 28).

He shall give you another Comforter (John 14: 16).

Wait for the promise of the Father (Acts 1: 4),

II. The Power from on High:

Tarry,....until ye be clothed with power from on high (49).

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit (Zech. 4: 6).

There came from heaven a sound as....of a mighty wind (Acts 2: 2).

That the strength of Christ may rest upon me (2 Cor. 12: 9).

The Spirit of God resteth upon you (1 Pet. 4: 14).

III. The Joy of Holy Service:

They worshipped him, and returned....with great joy (52).

When they saw him, they worshipped him (Matt. 28: 17).

With gladness and singleness of heart, praising God (Acts 2: 46).

There was much joy in that city (Acts 8: 8).

Believing, ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable (1 Pet. 1: 8).

1. "I send forth the promise of my Father upon you." (1) A great blessing; (2) Abundant promises; (3) Assured fulfilment.
2. "Tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power." (1) Coming power; (1) Wise waiting.
3. "They worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." (1) Adoration of Jesus; (2) Resumption of service; (3) Joy in the Lord.

III. THE TRIUMPHAL ASCENT.

I. The Supreme Leader:

He led them out (50).

He leadeth me (Psa. 23: 2),

O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest (Psa. 80: 1).

I have given him for....a leader (Isa. 55: 4):

The Lamb....shall guide them (Rev. 7: 17).

II. The Parting Blessing:

He lifted up his hands, and blessed them (50).

Peace I leave with you (John 14: 27).

Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing (Eph. 1: 3).

Receive ye the Holy Ghost (John 20: 22).

When he ascended on high, he....gave gifts unto men (Eph. 4: 8):

III. The Heavenward Ascent:

He parted from them, and was carried up into heaven (51).

The Lord Jesus....was received up into heaven (Mark 16: 19).

He was taken up; and a cloud received him (Acts 1: 9).

Jesus, which was received up from you into heaven (Acts 1: 11).

Christ entered....into heaven itself, ...for us (Heb. 9: 24).

1. "He led them out." (1) The trusty leader; (2) The submissive followers.
2. "He lifted up his hands, and blessed them." (1) The gracious Master; (2) The waiting disciples; (3) The uplifted hands; (4) The loving benediction.
3. "They....were continually in the temple, blessing God." (1) A happy company; (1) A sacred place; (3) A holy employment.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE LORD'S ASCENSION.

Foreshadowed in prophecy (Psa. 24: 7; 68: 18; Eph. 4: 7, 8).

Foretold by himself (John 6: 62; 7: 33; 14: 28).

Described by Luke (Luke 24: 50, 51; Acts 1: 9).

From the Mount of Olives (Acts. 1: 12).

Accomplished for us (Rom. 8: 34; Heb. 9: 12; 10: 12).

To supreme honors (Luke 24: 26; Eph. 1: 20, 21).

As the Forerunner of the saints (Heb. 6: 20).

To send forth the Comforter (John 16: 7; Acts 2: 33).

To prepare a place for his people (John 14: 2).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—It is quite certain that verse 49 should be placed just before the ascension, and it is probable that verse 44-48 should be joined in time with what follows, and not with the last lesson, though some place the interval at verse 45. In any case, forty days intervened between the resurrection and the ascension (Acts 1: 3). The intervening events mentioned are a second appearance to the eleven, Thomas being present, a week after the resurrection (John); the departure to Galilee and an appearance there to seven of the apostles (John); an appearance on a mountain in Galilee to all the apostles and probably to many others (Matt. 28: 16-20; 1 Cor. 15: 66); on the return to Jerusalem there was probably an appearance to James, "the Lord's brother" (1 Cor. 15: 7). Then comes so much of the lesson as belongs to the later period; that is, verses 50-53.

PLACES.—In Jerusalem; then on the Mount of Olives, "over against Bethany;" then in Jerusalem again, in the temple. The ascension took place a Sabbath's day's journey from Jerusalem (Acts 1: 12), on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives; but the exact site cannot be determined. The incorrect reading of verse 50 followed in the Authorized Version occasioned much difficulty, and many attempts were made to reconcile the two statements of Luke (here and in Acts 1: 12). The reading followed in the Revised Version is well supported, and the rendering given relieves the difficulty. The traditional site of the ascension is too near Jerusalem. Some fix upon a hill overhanging Bethany, about a hundred yards from the direct foot-path from that place to Jerusalem.

TIME.—If part of the lesson was uttered on the day of the resurrection, the date of that part is the 17th of Nisan, 783 A. U. C.; that is, April 9, A. D. 30. The latter part must be placed forty days later, Thursday, May 18, A. D. 30,—or 783 A. U. C.

PERSONS.—Our Lord, the eleven, probably others (in Jerusalem); but the eleven alone were witnesses of the ascension.

INCIDENTS.—The risen Lord instructs the disciples respecting himself, out of the Old Testament; he opens their understanding of the Scriptures; commissions them to preach, as witnesses, to all the nations, but bids them wait at Jerusalem until they shall be clothed with power from on high. He leads the eleven out toward Bethany, lifts up his hands and blesses them; while doing this he is parted from them and carried up into heaven. They worship him, and, joyfully returning to Jerusalem, are continually in the temple, blessing God.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Acts 1: 2-14; Mark 16: 19, 20. If the discourse in the lesson was spoken at intervals, then some other verses of Mark are parallel.

Eat Before Going to Bed.

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should, therefore, eat before going to bed, having put aside work entirely at least an hour before. If they are not hungry, they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry, they should eat whatever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is sometimes all that can be taken at first, or mashed potato buttered. If possible, the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be taken, preferably cold or cool, which should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward. The bath need not be more than five minutes in duration. Further than this, the patient should not go to bed at the same hour every night and arise at the same hour every morning. There is a popular superstition that grown people should not eat immediately before going to sleep; that it will give them indigestion, nightmare or both. The writer cannot see why adults should be so very different in this respect from babies. The average person should be in bed seven or eight hours, which is time enough for the digestion of almost anything edible. In our American life, he thinks, the digestion carried on through sleep probably has the better chance for thoroughness.—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

DAFFODILS.

ng of these bright flowers, you now
en I was young, long years ago
And how you praised the sof
en softly stroked my hair adown
d whispered of the poet's crown
That should be mine ere long
ng to please you, as the flowers
re pulled to grace your birthday hours;
That came with coming spri
as so happy, for your love
d earth below and heaven abo
I could not choose but sing.

as so happy; and to-day,
ough God hath parted far awa
Your unknown life from mi
sense of peace my bosom fills
nd lo! I bring fair daffodils,
Beloved, for a sign.

sign of love that tires not yet,
hat would not, if it could, forget;
Of love by love made brave;
or I can bear you flowers to brin
d bear to hear the thrushes sing
Here, by your quiet grave.

—All the Year Round

The Knave of Hearts.

"She has heaps of money, l in her own name, besides being so outrageously pretty and fascinating lucky will be the fellow she smiles pon for the second time, for smile gain she must, before long."

"May I ask who is the radiant being under discussion?" said Larry Munroe, puffing his quota of cigar smoke into the cloud about the heads f three young gossips of the sterner ex upon the balcony.

"Old Tom Lester's widow, to be sure—the rage among the foreign element here. If you troubled ourself about the society-doings of th place, you would know all about her in half an hour, and be ready to sell your soul for an invitation to her house.

"As I'm thinking of going to Vienna to-morrow, I fear I shall not have the chance of falling vitim to Mrs. Lester's charms," said M. Munroe, nonchalantly.

"She is going to give a most unique garden-party and ball, a fortnight hence, at her villa near Stanberg. The people are to be in fancy cotumes, chosen with great skill—nothing hackneyed nor commonplace will appear there. Mrs. Lester's special fancy is having twelve people represent the court cards in the pack. Eleven people have been selected, but she is still short of the Knave of Hearts She seems very difficile in the choice of this card, and twenty men or more are ready to give their eyes for the role. She gives all the men their costumes; elegant things they are, too, so she has a perfect right to be whimsical."

"Which card does she represen?"

"The Queen of Diamonds. They say she will be splendid—a perfect blaze of jewels. Ah, me! why is she blind to the fact that I am the very fellow she needs for the Knave of Hearts?"

"Why don't you stop a bit longer, Munroe, and fish for an introduction? Perhaps she would hit upon you."

"No chance of that," said one of that young gentleman's companions, bluntly. "We young English fellows, none of us anybody in particular, have no chance there."

"Is Mrs. Lester of an age that calls a man of twenty-six young?" asked Mr. Munroe, with dignity.

"She is twenty-two; was married at seventeen, and left one of the richest widows in the country at nineteen."

"The best people in Munich, and out of it, for that matter, are to be at that ball," continued the regretful young man, who felt that the youth of his nation were at a discount. "She was obliged to select her kings and queens among the swells who have feted her, but the knaves might be anybody."

Though Mr. Munroe professed the most profund indifference for the beautiful Mrs. Lester, he, in spite of himself, felt privately considerable interest in the chatter of his friends upon this their favorite subject. It would be rather a triumph to be chosen Knave of Hearts, to the discomfiture of scores of his countrymen. But as he did not know the lady even by sight, he decided that he was a conceited ass to dream of such possibilities.

The next morning found Mr. Munroe sitting in the Pinakothek Garden, contemplating his immaculate boots and wondering if it was worth his while to spend another week in the City of the Munchner Kindl. Presently a more agreeable object than his boots offered itself for his furtive contemplation.

A lady charmingly dressed in a marvel of St. Gall embroidery of the softest creamy tint approached down the shady path. The pink silk lining of her parasol cast a delicate glow upon her pure, pale face, illumined by large eyes of the deepest brown, with singularly long lashes.

As there was no other bench near, she sat down upon the other end of the one occupied by Mr. Munroe, acknowledging his presence by a slight inclination of her lovely person. An embroidered velvet bag hung from her arm by a bewildering system of ribbons, from which she produced a book, and apparently forgot herself in its pages. This gave Mr. Munroe an opportunity to study the fair stranger's charming profile, the perfect hand that held the book, and the graceful flow of her embroidered skirts, down to where the most mignon little foot in the world peeped forth.

Two gentlemen passing outside the garden-railing took off their hats with marked deference to the unknown one.

"Lucky devils!" he mentally exclaimed; "they know her, and in my place could talk to her. With those eyes, and that expressive mouth, I'm sure her conversation is worth listening

Whereupon Mr. Munroe began to moralize upon the stupid restrictions of polite society. Here he must sit like a mute imbecile beside one of the loveliest women he had ever seen, unless some lucky accident should give him the right to address her.

Mr. Munroe's star was certainly in the ascendant that day, for shortly something occurred which gave him the opportunity he so longed for. A child in a huge collar and sash, clearly a runaway from some distracted nursemaid, bore down upon the pair. He dragged after him, in the manner little boys love, a goodly branch of a tree which a care-taker had lopped off, with many another, that morning. It scraped along the gravel with a noise that was music in the infant's ears, and came to a sudden halt in the embroidered skirt of the fair student on the beach.

Mr. Munroe sprang to the rescue of the dainty fabric, and was rewarded with an angelic smile, and some gracious words of thanks in the purest English. The young man naturally made the most of this chance for setting the conversational ball rolling, and was succeeding brilliantly, when an interruption occurred. A lady driving a phaeton stopped at the entrance to the garden and beckoned to Mr. Munroe's companion.

"Will you have the kindness to guard my property for a few moments?" she asked, rising, with another ravishing smile. "I have something very important to say to that lady, and shall return without delay."

Had she asked him to throw himself under the prancing ponies' heels, Mr. Munroe would have consented gladly; so, leaving her parasol, book, embroidered bag and enormous fan upon the bench, she hurried away. In a moment she was hidden behind a clump of shrubbery, into the shade of which the ponies had withdrawn. Could Mr. Munroe have witnessed what then occurred, he would have escaped the particularly bad quarter of an hour which followed, and he would have also missed what proved to be the luckiest event of his life.

No bull-dog in custody of his master's old boot ever assumed a fiercer expression than did Mr. Munroe guarding the feminine vanities intrusted to his care. The duty of protecting them was not very onerous, as few people passed that way; still, he chose to believe that the task was fraught with difficulty. For one moment he was called away from his post, by a fellow whom he had beaten at billiards the previous evening enticing him into a few remarks over the hedge. When he returned, he saw to his rage a common-looking woman standing by the deserted bench, coolly appropriating the property confided to his care. "Look here, old girl!" he cried, dashing to the rescue, "leave those things alone!"

The woman looked at him with a blank amazement, which he easily interpreted as fright at being caught in a theft.

"Come, my friend, be off, or I will put you in charge of the first police officer I can spot," he followed up, laying hold of the parasol, already tucked under her arm. The old woman hung on with a grip that belied her appearance, launching at Munroe a volley of invectives of which he did not understand one word. His English was as Greek to her, but his gestures and defiant expression were eloquent enough.

Instead of leaving go of the parasol, she coolly proceeded to annex the bag and fan, at which the young man's wrath burst forth.

"You hardened old reprobate, how dare you persist in your vicious ways under the broad light of heaven? Give me those things!"

And he, with no gentle hand, despoiled her of her booty. Why should not the old creature take herself off, instead of standing there lashing him with her tongue like a very Jezebel? The situation was growing very awkward. People were stopping in their hurried walk to wonder what all the fuss was about. Mr. Munroe, not speaking or understanding a word of German, was powerless to explain. Why did not the fair owner of the things return, to end a scene that was becoming really disgraceful? The crowd that always appears to rise from the earth on such occasions gathered quickly around the belligerants. The errand-boy intrusted with a package to be delivered with the utmost haste—the lank little girl carrying a sore-eyed baby—squads of soldiers of all descriptions—watched the fray with keen interest. At last finding her eloquence of no avail—only over Munroe's prostrate body could she gain possession of the other things—the old woman flung the parasol down upon the bench and fled, with one bony fist menacingly uplifted.

"Thank Fortune she is gone!" Mr. Munroe murmured to himself. "But will she come back?" he thought uneasily.

She did return, alas! and in company with a stolid-visaged guardian of the peace. This functionary gravely took possession of the fan, bag and other articles which had caused so much disturbance, and motioning Mr. Munroe and his foe, the old woman, to follow him, left the garden.

At the nearest police-station a man was found who spoke a little English, into whose ears Mr. Munroe poured the tale of his grievance. He learned the old woman's side of the story in the following words:

"This old wife say she is servant to the dame who leave upon the bank her objects. This dame send her, the wife, to bring these objects, and you, a vicient Englishman, forbid her, with strange language and fierce eyes."

"That might easily be a lie trumped up for the occasion," said the exaggerated Munroe, doggedly.

The official gravely looked in his dictionary for the expression "trumped up," and failing to find it, requested the gentleman to clothe his idea in simpler language.

"Let her bring a note from her mistress stating the name of the book left in my charge. 'The Madonna of the Future' is rather a mouthful for this old fraud to learn by heart and have introduced in some swindling epistle. If this is correct in the note, I will resign all the things."

This suggestion being pronounced by the head of the establishment, the old woman, furious at her word being doubted, was dispatched for the statement from her alleged mistress.

Mr. Munroe sat grimly down upon the hardest stool in the office to await her return. What was his mingled discomfiture and delight, half an hour later, to see the fair owner of the disputed property—his divinity in the embroidered muslin—drive up to the Police Bureau in an elegant victoria.

She alighted, sought out Mr. Munroe, and began a hearty apology for all the annoyance her thoughtlessness had caused him.

"My old laundress has just told me the whole story, or, rather, her side of it," she said, struggling with a desire to laugh. "I really ought to have foreseen that the honest old blockhead might have brought about such contretemps. My friend Mrs. Trevor insisted upon my going with her to look at a picture. As my old servant happened to be passing just as I entered the phaeton, I sent her for my things left in your care. I never dreamed of your so grievously misunderstanding each other. Can you forgive me, Mr. Munroe?"

That young gentleman found clemency, in this instance, a very facile sentiment. He was also flattered that the fair suppliant for his pardon was so quick to catch his name from the official's lips. He wondered if he would ever be lucky enough to know her name.

"This unpleasant occurrence has assured me of two pleasing facts," the lady continued—"that an Englishman cannot be false to a trust, even of the simplest, and that my old servant is ready to fight for my interests. But come, this is surely not the place for a prolonged tet-a-tete. Pray let me drive you to your hotel, as a slight compensation for your loss of time.

The ecstatically happy Munroe took his place on the satin cushions of the victoria, devoutly hoping that the coachman would lose his way to the Hotel Bellevue, and prolong the drive indefinitely. But the man did nothing of the kind, and Mr. Munroe was obliged to alight all too soon.

"Who was that lady?" he asked of a servant, when he had effaced himself among the admiring crowd of menials who watched the victoria depart.

"Mrs. Lester, the millionaire's widow."

"Will the acquaintance stop here?" Mr. Munroe asked himself, wonderingly.

The next day a note requesting his presence at dinner, and signed "Constance Lester," gladdened the heart of Larry Munroe. Other invitations followed close upon the heels of this one, and people began to gossip about Mrs. Lester's predilection for her good-looking companion at the Bellevue.

* * * * * *

She was walking in the garden with him one evening, he fanning her with the very toy of tortoise-shell and feathers which had been instrumental in bringing him into his present paradise.

"Mr. Munroe, I have a favor to ask of you; will you grant it?"

"Anything, even to the half of my kingdom," said the young man, with his heart in his eyes.

"Oh, I don't exact such a sacrifice as that. I only wish you to be my Knave of Hearts; will you?"

Need it be added that Larry Munroe accepted with an eagerness that surprised his fair companion?

* * * * * *

"And so the Queen of Diamonds is going to marry her Knave of Hearts?" Society said, when the season was over. "That lucky Munroe. I can't see what she finds in him, compared to the dozens of really clever men in her train; but there is no accounting for a pretty woman's freaks."

How the Air Brake Works.

Said a railroad man to me to-day: "I'll bet not one in the hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train. When the air brake was first invented the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes up against the the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train the air is let out, and then the springs apply the brakes and stop the train. This last method of using air pressure has great advantage over the old way on the score of safety.

"Whenever an accident happens to a train one of the first effects it is apt to have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for everybody to understand this matter, because a child five years old can stop a train in thirty seconds from any car in the train if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet room of every car. That connects with the air pipes under the train. If you catch hold of it and give it a little jerk it will stop the train before it has gone two hundred yards."

THE SHAH EN ROUTE.

HE TRAVELS VERY MUCH LIKE A CIRCUS,

Accompanied by an Army of Men, Women and Horses

It was pitch dark as we approached the royal camp, and the appearance presented thereby was very extraordinary. There appeared to us to be miles of white tents, each with a camp fire burning before it. There were camels, mules and horses in every direction that our eyes could penetrate. It was as if we had suddenly been plunged into the midst of a vast army, and well it might be, for the following are roughly the statistics of the retinue which accompanied the Shah from his capital to the frontier: Four thousand quadrupeds, including mules, horses and camels, for carrying the luggage and drawing the carriages; 3000 tents to accommodate 7000 to 8000 individuals; 25 carriages for the royal suite alone, 3 royal wives, and their 40 female attendants.

The Shah's tent arrangements cover over an acre of ground. . . . The huge red tent inhabited by the still slumbering monarch was visible from afar. It was pitched in a grove of poplars by the side of a tiny lake, and surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, made of Resht embroidery—that is to say an embroidery of chain stitch, uniting little bits of colored cloth, which we know well enough in England in the shape of table covers and antimacassars, and for which I have never really felt any great affection; but still, when it decorates a high wall inclosing an acre of ground the effect is startling and magnificent.

Finer table covers of the same material were spread as saddle cloths over the many gayly-caparisoned horses around us, and just as we approached quantities of mules were on the point of starting with royal and other baggage, with bright red palls cast over their burdens. All the carriages were waiting ready before the gate into the royal inclosure, which was formed of poles painted red, looking not unlike gallows. Anisi Dowlet, the Shah's favorite wife, was just going to start in her gilded carriage, drawn by six gayly-caparisoned horses. She is a remarkable woman, who has held her position of favorite for thirty years. She has no children, she is not young, and I am told not beautiful; but her intellectual qualities are such and her manners so bright that they have placed her far ahead of the other ladies in the royal harem. There, too, was the Shah's own horse, called Beest Sitoun, or Twenty Pillars, with its beautiful and neat gold bridle and its saddle cloth of very fine Resht embroidery partially covering its glossy flanks.

From the bearing-rein two straps of gold lay across his chest; he is a splendid animal and always held in readiness for his Majesty to ride when tired of driving in his carriage. Close to Twenty Pillars stood another horse in readiness to carry his Majesty's pipe bearer; the pipe is a luxury indulged in by all Persian grandees when travelling. His Majesty's own kalyan or water pipe is carried in a drum-shaped case, covered with purple velvet and gold, and strung from the saddle. At the other side are suspended the fire-box and the water gourd, similarly decorated and all ready, so that at a moment's notice the pipe can be prepared when the Shah expresses a wish for a whiff.

Curious Things in a Cotton Bale.

At the Wampanoag Mill the other day, says a Fall River letter in the Providence Journal, the workmen in the picker-room stopped a package of matches just as the bundle was disappearing into the picker. It had come out of a cotton bale the men had just opened. Had they gone into the machine there would have been a lively blaze. Speaking of this incident, a man who has tended a picker for several years said that the things which come out of a cotton bale and evidently grow in bushes would astonish one. One day he heard something grind inside the picker, and, stopping the machine, found a silver spoon. Lizards and small snakes are common. A set of false teeth, small coins, knives, tobacco, and occasionally articles of more value, have been found. These things undoubtedly get inside the bales accidentally, but there are other things which evidently get inside in accordance with a fixed purpose, and, by strange coincidences, they are found to weigh more than cotton, and not to be worth as much per pound on the market. Sand, scrap iron and dirt are often found wrapped inside a cotton bale for ballast.

Japanese Dancing Girls.

The Japanese girls! Ah! they are the clou of the Paris exhibition after the Eiffel tower. They are more talked about than the colored fountains, President Carnot, or Boulanger. Rider Haggard ought to study these extraordinary creatures; they have a look of being related to Cleopatra. They are still in their teens, and promise never to quit them; they are yellow, Egyptian, and have an extinct-active volcano air. They have the eyes of vipers and the eyeballs of the tiger. Their dance movements are supple; they are as cold as serpents, and as impassive as they are enigmatical. They dance in bare legs. They seem to have been born boneless; they can twist their forearms at the elbow joints round like a Catherine wheel, and can apparently move the upper part of their bodies—the bust like the revolving wax beauties in the shop windows of a capillary artist.—Panama Star and Herald.

THE STUB-TAILED COW.

An Incident That Reminded President Lincoln of a Little Story.

Stories of President Lincoln's keen humor are seemingly inexhaustible. One, which I think has never appeared in print, comes from a man who held a prominent office under Lincoln, and who knew the great statesman well. At an official ball some thieves made off with many of the hats and overcoats of the guests, so that when the presidential party was ready to take leave Vice-President Hamlin's head covering was not to be found.

"I'll tell you what, Hamlin," said a friend; "early in the evening I saw a man, possessed of keen foresight, hide his hat upstairs. I am sure he would be willing to donate it to the administration, and I will go and get it for you."

When the hat was produced it was found to be much after the style affected by Hamlin, but it wore a badge of mourning, which emblem the Vice-President ripped off with his penknife. The party stood chatting merrily as they waited for the carriages to be driven up, when a man stepped directly in front of Mr. Hamlin and stood staring at the "tile" with which his head was covered.

"What are you looking at, sir?" asked Hamlin sharply.

"Your hat," answered the man mildly. "If it had a weed on it I should say it was mine."

"Well, it hasn't got a weed on it, has it?" asked the Vice-President.

"No, sir," said the hatless man, "it hasn't."

"Then it isn't your hat, is it?" said the proud possessor of it.

"No, I guess not," said the man as he turned to walk away. When this little scene was explained to President Lincoln he laughed heartily and said:

"That reminds me, Halmin, of a long time ago when I was pioneering and soldiering in Illinois, and we put up a joke on some officers of the United States Army. My party and I were a long way off from the comforts of civilized life, and our only neighbors were the garrison of a United States fort. We did pretty well for rations, had plenty of salt meat and flour, but milk was not to be had for love or money, and as we all longed for the delicacy we thought it pretty mean that the officers of the fort, who had two cows—a stubbed tailed one and a black and white one—offered us no milk, though we threw out many and strong hints that it would be acceptable. At last, after much consultation, we decided to teach them a lesson and borrow or steal one of those cows, just as you choose to put it. But how it could be done without the cow being at once identified and recovered was the question. At last we hit on a plan. One of our party was dispatched a day's ride to the nearest slaughter house, where he procured a long red cow's tail to match the color of the stub-tailed cow, after possessing ourselves of which animal we neatly tied our purchase to the poor stub, and with appetites whetted by long abstinence we drank and relished the sweet milk which 'our cow' gave. A few days afterwards we were honored by a call from the commander of the fort. 'Say, boys,' said he, 'we have lost one of our cows.' Of course we felt very sorry and expressed our regret accordingly. 'But' continued the commander, 'I came over to say that if that cow of yours had a stub tail, I should say it was ours.'

"'But she hasn't a stub tail, has she?' asked we, sure of our point.

"'No,' said the officer, 'she certainly has not a stub tail.'

"'Well, she isn't your cow then,' and our argument was unanswerable as was Hamlin's."—New York Tribune.

The Face at the Window.

"This letter is to my husband," she said as she licked on a stamp at the window in the corridor of the crowded postoffice.

"Yes'm."

"Will it go out to-day?"

"Yes'm."

"By first mail?"

"Yes'm."

"He ought to get it day after to-morrow?"

"Yes'm."

"And I ought to have his letter by next Saturday?"

"Yes'm."

"It isn't over weight?"

"No'm."

"And if he gets it, and if I get his answer by Saturday I can write—"

"Please don't obstruct the window, ma'am; there are forty people waiting."

"Oh, there are! That's always the way of it! I can't get a word of information out of this postoffice, try as I will. Good day, sir!"

Cross and Redirect.

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Costello, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?

Witness—Certainly, sir.

"Now, Mr. Costello, is there a female at present living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Costello?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"She is."

"Now, on your oath, do you maintain her?"

"I do."

"Have you ever been married to her!"

"I have not."

(Here several severe jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Costello.)

"That is all, Mr. Costello; you may go down."

Opposing Council—Stop one moment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in question your grandmother?

"Yes, she is."

FUN.

A cracked-up diet—Scotch oats.—Chicago Globe.

The original national flower was the Mayflower.—Chicago Herald.

An Electric Spark—Making love by telegraph.—Washington Capital.

The original "big four"—The forefathers at Plymouth.—Chicago Herald.

Berrypickers get what they can and can what they get.—Boston Transcript.

When a man drinks like a fish it doesn't follow that he is in the swim.—Boston Post.

This is thirsty weather. Even the mercury is filling its glass higher these times.—Puck.

The man who ought to listen and learn usually does most of the talking.—Atchison Globe.

A harness thief is the most difficult to detect because he takes all traces with him.—Light.

You don't look for motes in the eye of your summer girl; you look for the beams.—Baltimore American.

There is nothing but the price to indicate that the peach crop is, as usual, short this season.—New York Herald.

When the schoolmaster whips one of the girls he hits a miss. When the girl dodges she misses a hit.—Philadelphia Press.

Gossip reminds us of a high building. Only one story out of a dozen rests on a foundation.—Binghamton Republican.

The expression "the long and the short of it" is never better understood than when a man longs for money when he is short of it.—Harper's Bazar.

Can I swim? Why, of course. But I never go far;
By interest, not pleasure, I'm led.
The men on the beach won't be mash'd as they are
If they see nothing more than my head.

The act of swimming furnishes an exception to the rule that kicking operates against a man getting along in the world.—Binghamton Republican.

Rev. Primrose—"Do you know where you will go if you do these naughty things?" Little Johnnie—"Yes, sir—go to bed."—Harper's Bazar.

Since cloudbursts have become popular we hear little or nothing of cyclones. They're unfashionable, and so refrain from appearing in good society.—Troy Press.

"No, Mr. Jones, I cannot be your wife." "But you'll be a sister to me. Promise me that." "It is unnecessary. Your brother proposed to me last week and I promised to be his sister. I have been your sister for a week."

"The bridesmaids wore handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom." Do not be shocked; the compositor could hardly have recovered from the annual picnic when he made this sad blunder about the bridal brooches.

Dr. Grimshaw—"Don't you know, young man, that it is very injurious to blow cigarette smoke down your nose in that way?" Mr. De Addle—"Is it? I know it's vewy agweeable, and I hate to do it, but all the other fellows do it, doncher know?"

Jones (the gardener, whose son is office boy in the city office)—"Well, sir, I hope you like my son John. I hope he gives you satisfaction." Master—"Oh, I expect he'll get on presently. There's one thing in his favor; he doesn't snore as loudly as my last one."

A French soldier on active service was informed by the mayor of his village that his father had recently died. In acknowledgment he wrote as follows: "M. le Maire, I heartily thank you for my father's death. It is a little accident that often happens in families. As for myself, I am in the hospital minus one leg, with which I have the honor to salute you!"

Jenkins (walking up the front garden)—"What on earth" (reads "No admittance except on business")—"What on earth, Mr. Parker, have you got that stuck on your front door for?" Parker—"Why, so many ornamental fellows call on my daughters they are in one another's way, and as the girls don't go off I must do something to reduce the surplus! Coming in? No? Well, ta ta!"

Scene—The gaming table at Monte Carlo. Young English lady with her little sister and a gentleman whose acquaintance they had recently made while traveling. Young Lady—"Now, I shall just try one five-franc piece on the number of my age," putting one on number eighteen. Number twenty-seven wins. Little Sister—"Oh, Maud, what fun! Now, if you had put it on your right age you would have won, wouldn't you?"

One day a clergyman's wife, preparing to give a collation to her husband's association on the following Monday, and not being in the habit of doing extra work on Sunday, told her cook that she had better boil the ham for the sandwiches on Saturday, lest if boiled on Monday it would be too warm to slice. "W'y," drawled the cook, "Miss W'ite, yer don't think it ud be wickid ter bile it on Sunday, do yer, ef we biled it slow?"

Stranger—"I'd like to see Mr. Squib, the society editor." Managing editor—"Well, he's busy just now." Stranger—"I thought he was not occupied about this hour of the day?" Managing editor—"Well, he isn't usually; but we had to detail him to-day to report the divorce proceedings between his father and mother. He understands the case better than an outsider would.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, DEC. 18

ONLY 18 MONTHS OLD.

"The Racket" is today the most popular store in Bellefonte among all classes of people. There is a reason for this. The crowds that visit us daily are increasing. Bargains in fine Dress Goods and Trimmings, Notions, Novelties, Fancy Goods, Shoes, etc., arrive daily and are carried away in great bundles by our customers. You may just as well have your share of the Kuriosities.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.

As I contempleat a change in my bnsiness, by the 1st of March, I now offer my entire stock of clothing and gents furnishing goods regardless of cost. This is no hum bug, but a straigh offer.

SIMON LOEB.

——The recent weather made business hum for the horseshoer.

—— Good substantial clothing for very little money at S. Loeb's.

——The schools closed last Friday for two weeks, the holiday vacation.

——A big slaughter in Men's, Boy's Children's overcoats at S. Loeb's.

——The pay train went over the road on Tuesday and delighted the employes.

——Lucas & Son are putting up a large lumber shed back of their planing mill.

—Mr. John Fastoris, of Titusville, spent several days last week with J. C. Boal.

——Mr. Epley is working out a prop timber job on the mountain side on the Witmer tract.

——Carpenters are engaged at work on Dr. Emerick's new dwelling house opposite the hotel.

——Mr. Harrison Foust, of Potters Mills, graced the REPORTER office with his presence on Monday.

——A Williamsport horseshoer last week with only the assistance of a boy, shod ninety six horses in one day.

——It is said that Snow Shoe is to have electric light in the future through the enterprise of John G. Uzzle.

——Our teachers, Prof. Rothrock, Miss Maggie Hannah and John Dauberman are attending Institute this week at Bellefonte.

——Rev. C. Rishel, a few weeks ago moved from this place to Utahville where he has taken the pastorate of the M. E. charge.

——The Bradford hunting party returned from the Bear meadows with four fine deer, the result of a two week's hunt. Glad they had such good success

——A good warm boot or shoe is needed by all during this winter weather. A. C. Mingle, Bellefonte, keeps a complete stock and at low prices. Gum boots, shoes, etc., a speciality.

——Mrs. Homan of Miles township, mother of Howard Homan of this place, one day last week, while going to a neighbor's house, fell upon the ice, breaking a leg near the hip.

——Horace Zerby, who left here for Nebraska, five years ago, returned on a visit last week, his first since he left. Horace looks better and even younger than he did when he left—the land of blizzards and cyclones did not make any inroads upon him physically at least.

—— Our Evangelical brethren are training for their Christmas eve cantata, and will no doubt have a fine treat in store for the public under the direction of Bro. Davis, the pastor, who is unremitting in his labors with his Sabbath school.

——The Centre Hall hunting party got home last Friday evening bringing with them two large bucks, as a reward of their week's hunt in the 7 Mts. The one was shot by Al. Krape the other by landlord Bartges. We will allow them to go again. They say when Krape gave his deer the first ball, the buck was in the act of going for Al. and have an exchange of compliments; but Al. in a twinkling took in the situation and fired two shots more in rapid succession and the buck went to the ground, each ball having taken effect. If this had not happened thus, there would have been the liveliest hand shaking in the 7 Mts ahead of any 4th of July or apple butter frolic you ever heard of. A drove of six deer were seen to rise from one spot and when the animals saw it was the Centre Hall party, they concluded it was time to get up and git—and they gitted like lightning.

The Teacher's Institute.

The forty-fourth session of the Teachers' Institute, of Centre county, convened in the court house Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with an attendance of 230 out of a total of 250 teachers in the county. Rev. E. E. Hoshour, pastor of the Bellefonte Lutheran Church, opened the session with prayer and scriptural reading after which music was furnished by the choir. Colonel J. L. Spangler delivered the address of welcome.

Dr. E. E. White, of Cincinnati, delivered the talk of the afternoon on "the seven elements of power in a school, or the ladder of success." He had time to touch on but four elements, which he characterized as good scholarship, skill, love, and backbone. His address was followed by an interesting talk on disciplining in primary classes, by Mrs. Eastman, of Cortlandt, N. Y. After more music by the choir the afternoon session adjourned.

In the evening the court house was packed to hear Dr. White deliver an address on character.

The second day's session of the Institute was opened with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. William Laurie, of the Presbyterian Church. Supt. Etters then called upon Dr. White, who continued his talk on the "Seven Elements of Power in Schools." He denominated as the fifth, sixth, and seventh elements respectively, good eyes, good ears, and common sense character. Mrs. Eastman followed interestingly on "How to Teach Reading." Dr. Lytle, principal of the Millersburg Normal School, closed the morning exercises with a pithy talk on "Laws of Thought."

At the afternoon session Prof. Pond, of State College, delivered an illustrated lecture on "Gas." He was succeeded by Dr. Lytle, who spoke on "The Child." He said that every child was born a savage, was born honest, a worker, a living interrogation point, an imitation, and an instinctive reader of character. The day programme was concluded with a talk on "Language Training" by Dr. White.

The Ariel Thomas Concert Company, of Boston, under the auspices of the Institute, entertained a large audience in the court house in the evening.

The Columbia Cycle Calendar.

By far the most valuable business calendar for 1891, and entirely unique in design, is the Columbia Cycle Calendar and Stand, issued by Pope manufacturing company, of Boston, Mass. The calendar is in the form of a pad containing 366 leaves, each 5⅛ x2¾ inches, each leaf containing blank for memoranda, and as the leaves are only fastened at the upper end, any leaf can be exposed, no stub being left when the leaves are torn off. The pad rests upon a stand containing pen rack and pencil holder, and made of stained wood, mounted with raised letters in brass, thus forming an ornamental paper weight. The day of the week and the day of the year, together with the number of the days to come, are given, and each slip bears a short paragraph pertaining to cycling and kindred subjects. These paragraphs have been carefully collated from leading publications and prominent writers, the larger number having been specially written for this purpose. Although this is the sixth issue of the calendar, all the matter is fresh and new, comprising notable events in cycling, opinions of physicians and clergymen, hints about road making, and numerous other topics.

Week of Song.

A grand musical convention will be held in the Reformed church, Centre Hall, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of that church, begining on Monday evening, Jan 5, and to continue during the week, closing on Friday evening, Jan. 9th, with a grand concert by the class. Prof. P. H. Meyer, of Linden Hall, whose ability as a conductor is well known, will conduct the convention, assisted by Miss Anna Keller, of Centre Hall, as organist.

Some of the best musical talent from abroad will be present and add to the success of the convention. Special attention will be given to taste, style, and the proper rendition of music. All lovers of music are invited to attend. Free accommodations to singers from a distance.

For further information address, Mrs. Anna Boozer, Centre Hall.

Charles Cleary's Case.

The new trial of Charles Cleary, convicted of the murder of Policeman Philip Paul at Renovo on the night of March 12th, 1888, and sentenced to be hanged, has been set down for trial at the coming January court in Clinton county. Petitions will be presented with many signatures asking the Court to accept a plea of "murder in the second degree," upon the ground that crime was committed when the young man was under the influence of liquor, that his previous good character should be considered and that such a course would save the taxpayers of Clinton county another expensive trial and that justice would not be thwarted. What the result will be is only a matter of speculation.

——Call at Loeb's clothing store; examine his stock and prices.

——The Philad. Branch is thoroughly reliable, and Lewins has in stock a line of clothing that leads in quality and low prices. Satisfaction always given.

——The entire stock of Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte, must be sold before Feb. 1. There are bargains there.

The Wallace Assignment.

The Clearfield County bank close on Tuesday morning. The depositors are made safe by a mortgage on real estate for three times the amount of deposit. The owner of the bank ex-United States Senator William A. Wallace, has appointed J. S. D. McCarroll of Harrisburg, and W. Wallace and A. O. Smith, of Clearfield, assignees. Liabilities, $350,000; assets, $650,000.

The reason given by Mr. Wallace for the assignment is the excessive tightness in the money market and inability to obtain money to meet his obligations. The Clearfield County bank was a private concern, Mr. Wallace being the president, and John M. Adams, the cashier.

The bank was several years ago a state institution, but had been directed to wind up the old business, and did nothing but a collection and exchange business. The depositor have been secured by a judgment bond and mortgage on valuable coal land in this county to Thomas H. Murray, Asbur W. Lee, W. W. Betts, and John M. Troxell as trustees. A certified list of the depositors was made out last night, and the sum aggregated $65,000.

The security is double the indebtedness. The assets of this concern go into the personal assigned estate of Mr. Wallace. Judgments were entered this morning in favor of Fletcher Coleman for $24,000 to secure himself and other endorsers of Mr. Wallace; to Thomas L. Wallace for $33,000 for a like purpose, and to Harry F. Wallace to secure that part of her separate estate entrusted to her husband.

The immediate cause of the assignment was the unwillingness of banks who held his paper to grant renewals owing to the stringency in the money market. The alternative then come either to allow some of his creditors to push him to the wall and permit his property to be sacrificed for the benefit of all his creditors so as to realize for them what a fair market will give them. He chose the latter and his friends here claim that he will come out of the trial honorably and entirely solvent.

It is stated that Senator Wallace years ago lost heavily by endorsing for Blake Walters, of Clearfield; the amount being placed at from $6,000 to $70,000, and that was felt by him severely. The senator is known to be very largely interested in gold and silver mines in Colorado and California, and it is known he made arrangements for disposing of a portion of his boldings in London. When, however, the time came for the completion of the negotiations, the parties were not ready, and finally backed completely out of the affair.

David L. Krebs, president judge of Clearfield county, and son-in-law of ex-Senator Wallace, has also made an assignment. He is indebted to various parties for borrowed money to the extent of about $14,000. Mr. Wallace had endorsed his notes and when the latter made an assignment Judge Krebs was forced to do likewise.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licenses issued during the past week from the register's office, Bellefonte:

John E. Imel and Amanda Jane Cain, both of Bellefonte.

Samuel Butler and Eliza McCloskey, both of Curtin twp.

J. E. Koon of Pleasant Gap, and Laura L. Gross of Linden Hall.

Clyde E. Thomas, of Harris twp., Alice R. Zettle, of College twp.

Cyrus M. Johnson, of State College, and Marion Miller of Pine Grove.

A. C. Eisenhuth of Coburn and Annie M. Haines of Woodward.

Ah! There.

Instead of blasting his bugles and entering town behind four thoroughbreds, drinking champagne and smoking high priced cigars, B. K. Jamison will walk up next summer and drink beer and smoke a pipe with the rest of the boys. No one will ever be able to find those friends of last year who courted the prince of wealth, as it was the supposed. They will be as quiet as the Prohibitionists were at New Berlin last summer when asked for contributions—*Lewisburg News.*

Closing Out.

Contemplating quitting business, the firm of J. H. Musser & Son, Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, offer their entire stock of boots and shoes at less than actual cost. The stock is all new and fresh and every pair a bargain. They are bound to dispose of the stock by Feb. 1, and it will be your opportunity to buy at unprecedentedly low prices. Go at once and secure a bargain before it is too late.

Holiday Excursion Tickets on the P. R. R.

In pursuance of the usual custom the Pennsylvania railroad Company announces that Christmas and New Year excursion tickets will be sold between Philadelphia and New York and certain other stations on the United Railroads of New Jersey Division, where the regular excursion rate and limit will prevail. The tickets will be sold December 24th, 1890, to January 5th 1891, inclusive.

——Shirts, underwear, hats, caps trunks and valises at cost.—S. Loeb.

——Do not fail to read notice and advertisement of Simon Loeb in this week's issue.

Sold his Wife for 25 Cents.

The strange case of a man selling his wife to another for 25 cents, and the woman being perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, has just proved at Sunbury in court. After the barter and sale the husband and his aforetime spouse and her new lord and master continued to reside beneath the same roof, and all went on for some time as merrily as if the wedding bells of the Church had rung out their approval of the unholy alliance.

Mr. and Mrs. David Zimmerman lived in Coal Township, and Mrs. Zimmerman kept two boarders, John J. Stewart and John Clayberger. Five months ago Zimmerman sold his wife to Stewart for 25 cents and executed a written agreement of sale. After this Zimmerman and Clayberger occupied one room, whilst Stewart and Mrs. Zimmerman occupy another.

Things went along smoothly until about two weeks ago, when Clayberger and Stewart had a quarrel. Clayberger thereupon went before a Justice of the Peace and made complaint of marital infidelity against the woman. Both were committed to await their trial at the present term of court.

The first case to come up was that of Stewart, and he acted as his own attorney, and displayed considerable talent as a pleader.

Mrs. Zimmerman testified to the sale of herself by her husband for 25 cents, and further swore that she considered the transaction as legal and the agreement as equal to a full divorce. She also stated that she was perfectly satified with the transfer, and gave her consent at the time,

Mr. Zimmerman testified that he had sold his wife to the defendant, and did not regret the sale.

All parties acknowledged the facts to be as alleged and Stewart was found guilty and fined $100 and costs of prosecution. Mr. Zimmerman was next tried for marital infidelity, and the same testimony was given to her case as in the Stewart case, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, whereupon she was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the county jail.

Breef vum East End.

Ich will 'em Reporter emol die Neues schreiwe vum abgestumpt Berg, near Woodward, un du must en corecte so das ich enyhow pas for en Scholer.

Mer raise alsfot do hune gute Crops; mer hen der Huntengrund grod for der hinnere Deer, un ich hab schun Kerls heere soge, das gebrotene Daube 'em ins Moul fliege date wan mer es lang genunk uf g'sperrt halte dut bis ene der Weg g'floge det kumme. Ob a grod die Daube mit kranberry Saus gedrest sin hot der Ligner net gesot.

Nau der best Neues is mer hen en Chans fer en Railroad vun do noch der ewere Valley un des macht uns so batsig wie en Pohane. Des det unser gelobt Eck ufboue, un en Lot neue Stedel starte. But was uns bottert is Nome zu finne fer en Lot neie Stations die Valley nuf, weil die Halls un Mills shun al uf gennume sen. Dat is Nitteny Hall, Mill Hall, Center Hall, Penn Hall, Linden un en Duzend annere Halls. Yust so mit de Mills, all de annere hen Mills ans End gebapt. Now wan unser United States Reegelweg gebaut werd, dan dune mer abewitshe un sterte en neu Sett Nome das net so eefelig sounde, un in plats of Mills un Halls henke mer Pie ans End. Mer dete die Station do hunne doufe as Applepie; un die next Hollerpie; dan weiternut Peechpie, un bei Milliheim dete mers Cherrypie doufe, un so on bis an Centre Hall sel dete mer zu Minzpie change.

Der Mitwoch vergest mir net fer der allmityest Sneestarm das mer noch kat hen; ich hab geklabt es det die Felse, Bindbem un Hersh un Bere vum Abgestumpte blose.

Unser Shoolteacher sin all noch der Institute un ich expect cutte en mighty groser Swell in Bellefonte. Der Motze Dam hot 5 Zol Ice g'hatt.

GEN. LAFAYET.
Headquarters en wenig shep zurich vun der Evy Distilery norde.

Snowstorm.

Tuesday night a snow storm of no mean proportions set in and continued in dead earnest on Wednesday. The winters are by no means a thing of the past, when such a storm sets in and piles up the white stuff from the clouds at the rate of an inch per hour—it was just such a snowstorm as is read of, and makes one have some respect for the elements as a great factor in nature.

A Slight Blaze.

Last Saturday the tannery at the upper end of town narrowly escaped destruction from fire. A spark from the engine it is supposed lodged upon the roof and was soon fanned into a blaze, but timely assistance put out the fire, not, however, until quite a hole had been burned in the roof.

25th Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. John Odenkirk, of the Old Fort hotel, will celebrate their twenty-fifth marriage anniversary on Friday evening, Dec. 26th, at their home at seven o'clock.

Crippled the Thief.

A Lancaster county farmer, who was troubled with thieves stealing his turkeys, set a trap one night and the next morning he had the tips of two fingers in the trap and marks of blood some distance out the road.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place.

NEXT WEEK

When in Bellefonte attending the Teacher's Institute, you will make the

Mistake - of - Your - Life !

If you fail to call in and see the line of

H|O|L|I|D|A|Y G|O|O|D|S.

together with the immense stock of Toilet Soaps, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Perfumes, and Toilet requisites, gathered together in

GREEN'S PHARMACY,

Telephone No. 633. Bush House Block, Bellefonte.

COME IN AND SEE US.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

The Holiday Season being close at hand, the question often arises as to where the public can buy the best articles for the least money for presents. I have opened a fine line of goods for the holiday season and at low figures. It is composed of Ladies' and Gent's Gold and Silver Watches, Rings, Ear Drops, Pins, Ladies' Vest and Fob Chains, Plated Neck Chains, a fine assortment of Gents' Vest Chains, Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Gold Pens and Pencils, etc. Also the finest assortment of Silverware ever brought to the section. Come and inspect my stock. It will cost you nothing. They are worth inspecting.

G. W. BUSHMAN.

CASH or its EQUIVALENT.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Know ye that on and after Sept. 15th, 1890, I will sell for

CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT ONLY!

Having been doing a Credit business for 5 years, I find the patron who pays his bills has in a certain measure also to help pay the bad debts, etc., I am satisfied this will be beneficial to you and me Come and see that we are selling goods at *cash prices.* Thanking you for your patronage in the past and soliciting your future trade, I am Very Truly Yours,

R. E. BARTHOLOMEW.

Centre Hall, Sept. 1, 1890. 3m

FOR SALE.—One gray mare eleven years old, good family beast, drives single or double, weighs eleven hundred, for further particulars inquire at this office.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE.—THE UNDERsigned offers at private sale a fine homestead, 3 miles south-west of Tusseyville, a tract containing

97 ACRES LAND,

thereon a 2 story house, barn and outbuildings, with an abundance of choice fruits, and a never failing spring of water. The land is under good cultivation, and about 12 acres are woodland. There are indications of coal on the land.

Terms,—to suit purchaser, or will be exchanged for town property. Apply to

W. R. FROM,
23 oct 3 m Spring Mills.

We pay Salary

and expenses to LIVE AGENTS men or women. No drones wanted. Work steady year round and cash weekly. Good pay for part time. Fine outfit free. Experience not needed Send references and stamp at once. J. EUGENE WHITNEY, Rochester, N. Y.

This firm is perfectly responsible. 1 dec 6m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Samuel F. Speir, dec'd, of Harris township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. DANIEL HESS, Adm'r.

15dec6t Linden Hall.

WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY TO HELP in housework. Apply to REV. BASKERVILLE, Centre Hall.

A Favorite Paper.

The publishers of YOUTH'S COMPANION have issued a beautiful Calendar for 1891, unique and convenient, which contains also the Announcements for next year. Among the new names which will grace this model young folks' weekly paper are the Lord Chief-Justice of England—Coleridge, Hon. Seth Low, the venerable Hannibal Hamlin, Camille Flammarion, Sir Norman Lockyer, Gen. O. O. Howard, Rev. Lyman Abbott Jules Verne, Max O'Rell, Julia Ward Howe, Walter Besant, Benson J. Lossing, the eminent historian, and Carl Lumholtz. Truly a host of names in themselves, sufficient to warrant the success of a paper.

Five serial stories are promised, by Molly E. Seawell, Rebecca Harding Davis, Julie M. Lippman, H. H. Boyeson and Elizabeth W. Bellamy. A popular series on the latest discoveries in science will treat of the stars, the sun, the moon, the earth, the ocean, and the Gulf Stream.

There will be another popular series on music by Mme. Albina, Emma Juch, Mme. Nordica, Marie Van Zandt, and Emma Nevada, while Amelia E. Barr, Mary A. Livermore, Jenny June and Marion Harland will tell what a girl of sixteen can do when thrown on her own resources.

Full Prospectus and Specimen Copies sent free, on application. New subscribers who send $1.75 now will receive the paper to January 1, 1891, and a full year from that date.

——The entire stock of Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte, must be sold before Feb. 1. There are bargains there.

Don't Stand That Pain.

It don't do to neglect nature's warning, aches through the system cause Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache and Pain in the Side; a prompt and safe remedy is required. Red Flag Oil, the Famous Pain Cure, fills the bill. Price 25 cents.

Are you consumptive, or do you suffer with a Cough or Cold? If so, use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

FOR THE HOLIDAY GIFT BUYER.

Purse Setts, Manicure and Toilet Cases, Photograph, Letter and Card Cases, Pin Cushion Frames, Bureau, Side Board and Stand Covers, Fur and Plush Capes, Ladies' Coats from $3 to $10. Serges, Surrah and Dress Cloths, Henriettas, make lovely Christmas presents. Nothing makes a mother happier than an elegant Henrietta dress.

Eider Down in a number of shades. Thousands of handsome articles suitable for Christmas presents.

Fire Screen, Umbrella Stands, Handkerchief Cases, Cups and Saucers. A beautiful Muff in a dozen styles of fur. Fur Trimming, Silk Beaver and Feather Trimming.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

Hand and Foot Power Circular Saw.



Iron Frame, Steel Shafts and Arbor, Machine Cut Gears, Center of Table made of Iron.

Send for Catalogue giving full Description and Prices of our HAND and FOOT POWER MACHINERY.

J. N. MARSTON & CO., Station A. BOSTON, MASS.